# THE COMMONWEAL

***A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs***

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# SABOTAGING THE NEW DEAL

ACCORDING to the New York *Times*, the speech made by Rexford G. Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, before the American Society of Newspaper Editors, "was apparently one of a series planned by prominent members of the administration to offset the statement made by Dr. William A. Wirt of Gary, Indiana, in which he alleged the 'brain-trusters' were using President Roosevelt as a tool and had as their ultimate aim communistic or socialistic government for the United States." With all due respect to the New York *Times's* opinion, it scarcely seems likely that the members of the Roosevelt administration, or anybody else, can believe that the American people at large regard Dr. Wirt and his horrendous accusations as anything other than foolish, after the silly show staged at Washington when Dr. Wirt was put on the witness stand. But it is entirely probable that Professor Tugwell, and all the other members of the administration, know that behind Dr. Wirt stand a powerful group of men, and even more powerful institutions controlled by these men, who believe, or profess to believe, that Dr. Wirt was substantially right in his charges. And they are doing all in their power, through their speeches and statements, and their newspapers, and their privately printed pamphlets and reports, and through their personal and corporate influence, which is tremendous, to sway public opinion to their case.

In these circumstances, what Mr. Tugwell said to the editors may indeed have been motivated by the desire to offset the effect of this deluge of public and private propaganda, that insinuates when it does not yet dare to assert, and President Roosevelt is either a fool or a tool—a fool, if he cannot see that his "brain trust" is plotting to destroy American democracy and lead the nation into Communism; a tool, if he does see the situation and lends himself to it. Of course, however, if the President is not merely a fool, how in the name of common sense can he be simply a tool? If he is aware of the plot, he is going along with it; nay, he is leading it. That is really what the propaganda against the President boils down to. For how can anybody in his senses, remembering the President's whole career in public life, and


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the indisputable proofs of his leadership given since he took his oath of office as President amid the ruins of the Old Deal so long dictated over by the very forces which now seek to destroy the New Deal, now believe that President Roosevelt is the dupe and the tool of half a dozen subordinates? That cock won't fight. It is as foolish as Dr. Wirt. No; those who utter such preposterous nonsense, cannot possibly believe it themselves, but they have not as yet, except in private, screwed up their courage to say that Franklin Roosevelt is himself leading the country he has sworn to serve under its Constitution into some sort of imitation of Communism. But that is really what they mean, for the other stuff, about him being the tool of the secret Communists of the so-called "brain trust," doesn't make sense.

The country should realize this point. The attack upon the mythical brain trust is really an attack upon the President's good faith. In his speech to the editors, Mr. Tugwell simply says in his own way—a very eloquent and forceful way—what President Roosevelt has been saying since, and before, he became President, namely, that the New Deal is essentially "a great national movement of free social cooperation." It is absolutely dependent upon cooperation. It cannot be worked by a dictator; nor by a small governing group—which latter method was the oligarchical cancer which seized upon and finally destroyed the Old Deal. Frankly, clearly, with conviction that holds every sentence of his speech together in unmistakable unity of faith in American democracy, Mr. Tugwell proclaims his own basic conservatism—which also is that of President Roosevelt. It is conservatism in the truest sense of the word: it does seek to conserve the tradition and the doctrine of human liberty and cooperation. The New Deal offers the American people its opportunity to reform institutions which greed, and private and corporate dictatorship, and the regimentation of helpless millions of unorganized workers by big business using its oligarchical control of government for its own profit and power, have almost shattered. Yet, as Mr. Tugwell says, "those of us who desire to return to the true tradition of our people, who really hold that there ought to be equal opportunity, and who think that any American is too good to starve, are taunted with the empty shibboleths of an era which was destroyed by those who now go back to it for words."

Cardinal Newman once remarked that a thousand difficulties do not constitute one doubt. There may be more than a thousand difficulties, and mistakes, to be overcome or to be corrected in the actual administration of the complex—the necessarily complex—mechanism of the New Deal. But all of these put together in no way make up a reasonable doubt that in its main intention—the restoration and maintenance of a "great national movement of free social cooperation"—the New Deal is this country's true, native, conservative effort at once to recover from the immediate effects of the depression, and to reform its social system in order to make that recovery permanent: a cure, not a mere hectic rally; health, and not a shot in the arm of some kind of evanescent dope.

If Mr. Tugwell speaks for the administration—and nobody can doubt that what he says is a personal paraphrase of the Rooseveltian doctrine—then, only two answers from the powers that manipulated, or, anyhow, used the comic Dr. Wirt seem open. One is to say that of course he talks that way, but that's throwing dust in the eyes of anybody credulous enough to believe him; it's all a part of the plot; in short (although it will be said in long-winded language—Wirtian language), Mr. Tugwell is lying. Those who have said, if they believe it, that he is really a Communist, using the President as a tool, can only employ that answer. The other answer would be, we suppose, that Mr. Tugwell may be honest, but that of course he too, like the President, must be somebody else's tool. Perhaps Mark Sullivan can discover the real revolutionist.

Anyhow, Mr. Tugwell has put himself on record. The President's record is of long standing. Now it is time—and high time—for those who accuse the administration of seeking to establish Communism, or state socialism at best, to say what really it is they would set up in place of the free, real cooperation among consumers, labor, and capital, which is the goal of the New Deal. For they cannot expect many people—none, we think, outside of a small group of elderly folk who do not know what is really happening in the world—to believe that the nation can simply go back to the discredited system that blew up in 1929. It must, therefore, be some form of Fascism to which they would resort if they succeed in discrediting President Roosevelt with the people, or, at least, through their greed and their cunning and their power—which they possess in abundance—should they succeed in sabotaging the New Deal.

## WEEK BY WEEK

### The Drift of the Tide

DURING the past week the administration waged defensive warfare. The campaign was marked with Mr. Roosevelt's usual effective strategy of retreating part way to straighten out a salient while keeping the lines intact. This fighting is done without pedantry, and with what an outsider can only term canny tactics. Perhaps the biggest issue is the silver question behind which all the inflationists in the Senate have rallied. Presidential opposition

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was sufficient to exert a manifest deflationary effect upon commodity markets. At the moment it seems as if some "adjustment" would be made by permitting the purchase of silver under the Thomas Act in sufficient quantity to establish the ratio to gold which existed prior to the catastrophic drop in the value of the white metal. This would not mean inflation but obviously would carry still a little farther the devaluation experiment which Roosevelt monetary policy has sponsored. A good minor instance of the retreat strategy referred to above is the decision to re-establish the wage differential in Southern coal areas. When some time ago the NRA authority ruled that pay in these areas must be the same as that in Northern fields, a tremendous outburst of indignation rumbled through what used to be a land of plantations and mint juleps. For the sake of peace the government has given in. It will be interesting to observe what manner of compromise will be resorted to in the impending battle to settle wage disputes between railroad management and labor. Being one of the most difficult of all such arguments, the solution will influence all future discussion of the wage problem.

BEATING the drum harder than ever, Germany's Hitlerites are in manifest trouble—the good German word *Verlegenheit* is perhaps the only one which accurately reflects their state of mind. The "youth" of the land have been organized and have marched over well-nigh every square inch of Teutonic soil. Hitler himself has silenced all other orators, for his henchmen are merely echoes. But for some reason or other the mechanism has failed to click. Defeat in the realm of foreign relations is now so manifest that even the rabid in New York no longer expect success. At home the economic consequences of a policy which attempts no coordination of industrial efforts, but tries instead to favor now this and now that group, has led to a debacle which only the extension of government credit on the basis of anticipated taxes any longer disguises. Herr Schacht is going about with a hat maneuvering for credits which no outsider in his right mind would dream of extending. The religious and racial stupidities of the government have led to multiplying acerbities, so that now even the Catholic hierarchy is virtually agreed upon the inevitability of opposition. It is a sorry picture which thus presents itself. We see nothing ahead but the continuing deterioration of German economic and cultural life, with God only knows what as the ultimate stage. Yet all this does not mean, cannot mean, the downfall of the régime. The German hugs an idea until it kills him, summoning him (like Macbeth) to heaven or to hell. To prophesy that Germany under Hitler will be like Poland under Pilsudski is just as reasonable as to assert that Germany under somebody else will be a great and regenerated country.

Getting into Trouble

WITH the publication of an autobiographical novel in this country which has caused a great stir in France, another fairly straight draught of deliquescense has been purveyed to an apparently large and eager public. The book has what would seem to be a very beautiful, poetic title, "Voyage to the End of the Night." However, the story tells of no romantic wandering under the mimosa trees when the sky is thick with stars and the moon is etching its silver and blue patterns, no gentle laughter, no graceful figures, no streaming of lamplight from a settled and comfortable interior where study and reading, or conversation and after dinner coffee, or some amateur experiments with the arts, piano playing, drawing, making life masks, or sorting botanical specimens is going on. No simple realities like that are pictured, whether bourgeois, aristocrat or proletarian, Democrat or Republican or Communist. It is rather all dreadful, all despairing, all denigrating, the living nightmare of a man who is definitely contra-life, who accepts it as only a cruel, purposeless hoax by resistless malign forces on the sensitive, suffering core of the individual; he recognizes love as nothing more than a sordid animal inclination. "War and the peace (which has been defined as the 'continuation of war by other means') have exacerbated a disposition given to the 'white logic' that leads, in some people, to suicide," writes John Chamberlain of the book. To the fairly catholic modern reader, this represents a pattern which is repeated with variations in our serious creative literature today almost as frequently as the Cinderella pattern is repeated in popular fiction.

Degradation and Reality

IT IS a phenomenon of our times that cannot be stormed against any more profitably than one can hope to cure a neurotic by threats and punishment. For those with a more Catholic view of the world than this type of literature indicates; for those who do not have the negative attitude toward tradition of facilely believing that common sense and social benevolence suddenly sprang full grown into being with the beginning of the twentieth century or some time after that; for those who have not abandoned themselves to the bigotry of denying to man privacy and sanctuary for his approach to a divinity superior to himself and to his short span of mortal life; for those who would not mold humanity at the cost of a bloody and destructive revolution to be followed by a dic-

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tatorship embracing the most minute actions and privileges of the citizen, the razing to the ground of that ancient castle and sanctuary however humble of the home—for these there is little to be gained in being mere protestants against such states of mind as such literature represents. This is merely tedious, compounds the confusion and the despair and is sterile. Now is the time for those who have a different "white logic" than that which leads to suicide, to create, to do it in the idiom of our times which expresses simply the experience of life in our times, to do it positively without the repulsive intellectual assumacy and frequent lack of charity of didacticism, and to do it with complete realism, with a just expression of the beauties and sweetness and high apperceptions of which human nature is capable, as well as of the tragedies and degradations. That it will be accepted joyfully and gratefully, and with ample profit to the creator, we have little doubt.

**Dealing with Abnormals**

THE DREADFUL murder of a baby, perpetrated recently by a Chicago schoolboy of thirteen, urgently invites one comment. It is not possible in this case, any more than it was possible in the Leopold-Loeb case, or the Hickman case, or any other case of crime proceeding unmistakably from abnormality, to suppose that these deeds were unheralded and isolated. It is not imaginable that thrill murders and sadistic murders are not preceded by definite tokens of the tendencies that find these ultimate horrifying expressions. These tokens may not always warrant segregation, but they should always be felt to warrant special watchfulness, countering medical and psychiatric care when that is possible, above all the attempt to build up the deficient character, infuse into it some measure of social and religious ideals, integrate it by congenial, useful, absorbing occupations. If it were only the poverty or ignorance of parents that permitted abnormal children to run wild, with no attempt to apply these healing correctives, the case would be bad enough. But too often the element of stupid pride and self-complacency is equally at fault; too often parents, of all degrees of social privilege, refuse to believe, in spite of the signs, that their own particular children are potential social menaces—until the blow falls and the irreparable harm is done. A steady effort should be made to educate all such people through every medium that can reach the mind and conscience—through the press, the church, the pressure of neighborhood opinion. This will be far more effective than the plan now being adopted in Chicago schools, of officially picking the "morons" by tests. It is conduct observable over long periods that furnishes the truest guide.

**Is Christianity Anti-Semitic?**

SOME weeks ago, we referred to an address by a Jewish rabbi in which the teaching of Christ's passion and death was adjudged responsible for most anti-Semitic feeling. Since then the idea has cropped up in a number of other places. At more than one recent conference, some Jew professed to believe that children were brought up to regard him as a "Christ killer" and therefore odious. A rabbi living in one of the larger cities of Connecticut even suggested to a group of religious educators that the danger was so real as to demand instruction of a special kind. Now of course we doubt the pertinence of this theory. Having interrogated a score of Catholic and Protestant acquaintances picked at random, we encountered unanimous surprise that any such notion could have entered a Jew's mind. The Christian is taught to regard sin as the cause of Calvary. Jews figure in the matter only in so far as Our Lord was of Nazareth. Nevertheless a few instances where children have tormented Jewish playmates with this taunt are reported. It seems the duty of educators to be on their guard against such distortions of doctrine, particularly in times as chaotic and marred with slumbering prejudice as those in which we happen to live. Such occurrences are not merely dangerous from the social point of view. They are primarily gross and baneful caricatures of Christian ethic, and likely to injure both the soul of him who indulges in them and the souls of those who cringe under the insult.

**The Best Models**

READING the newspapers these days, one sees that life is back at its old trick of imitating art. We probably should not include in this generalization any of the stories about Dr. Wirt. For example, the statement by Mr. Bruere, who was also present at the famous Virginia dinner, that what Dr. Wirt took to be nods of acquiescence from Miss Mary Taylor after "Dr. Wirt had lectured us for three consecutive hours," were nods of sleepiness—this is palpably life imitating vaudeville: and though it is a grand imitation, vaudeville is not art. There is always an excess about it that spills over the mold. But melodrama is art, and the story of the la crosse players coming up innocently from Baltimore to New York and getting mixed up on the train with dice sharks, is the purest Tom Mix. Even so, having lost their cash, and suddenly observing that the dice were "gummed," would Tom and his trusty comrades have barricaded the car doors, slapped the sharpers into submission, held them prisoners until New York was reached, and turned them over to the police; even so would it subsequently have transpired that one of the miscreants was wanted for counterfeiting.

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# SMALL TOWN STUFF

By MARIE L. DARRACH

*Can one still be passing rich on £40 a year in a small town? In the following paper Miss Darrach says "Yes." The small town has, she says, "weathered the financial storm with less panic than the big city." A migration thither has set in, which may "yet become of historic importance." Sometimes the motives underlying the trek back to Main Street are simple and human; again they grow out of a need for freedom from financial stress. "Prosperity," we are told, "no longer points exclusively to big cities."—The Editors.*

DEPRESSION has had one prize baby. When cities were going down for the third time, and S.O.S. calls from farming districts were filling the land with alarm, the small town was floating like a cork on the waves of adversity. Not that America's small town hasn't had the same buffetings from calamity experienced by urban and agrarian sections; nor that it has been spared the fantastic financing of many a banker who should have remained in the hay and grain business. Not that it hasn't had its loud-mouthed boosters and prosperity prophets who plunged it into a reckless orgy of spending for senseless public improvements; nor that interest charges on its large and fancy mortgages have been less burdensome than elsewhere.

Like Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and other cities the small town has had its speculators and profiteers, its grafters and crooked politicians, as well as its full quota of fatuous believers in the new era of wealth, which came to such a disastrous end in 1929. But a vitality and cohesiveness, apparently lacking in metropolitan centers and farming areas, kept the small town from buckling under the strain. And a fundamental soundness, built on personal relationships, served to minimize the spiritual and mental suffering of its people, even though their physical discomforts and pecuniary worries during these zero years were much the same as in larger communities. The result is that the small town has weathered the financial storm with less panic than the big city.

For a generation or more, Americans have seen the small town in false perspective—a perspective curiously like that of the passenger who travels by airplane from coast to coast. As he swoops across the continent at an elevation of 2,500 feet, he is conscious mainly of huge cities that cluster at intervals on the blurred landscape, and which leave him with the impression that these monumental units of human habitation are the only segregated groups of any importance in the United States. During these generations, the small town has been the favorite butt of the humorist, and many of our serious authors have flouted it mercilessly. Sinclair Lewis, chief among the baiters, branded it as a breeder of Babbitts; and Booth Tarkington's naive Mr. Tinker established its reputation at home and abroad as the cradle of men with hearts of gold and heads of ivory. Throughout the years, the stage and screen have contributed their share of ridicule.

"I come from Franklin, Vermont," says the delectable Katherine Hepburn in a popular movie. And the line never fails to get a laugh. "Breathe it not in Bath, but I was born in a hick town," confesses a Broadway idol in the intimacy of an interview. And one infers that only a harelip could have been a greater affliction. So, maligned and belittled by city folk, and betrayed and deserted by its own flesh and blood, the small town has been considered, not only an unfortunate place to be born in, but one in which no person of the age of reason ever lived of his own free will.

Had Calvin Coolidge been a more glamorous figure, he might have done something when he was President to popularize its homely virtues. But the miracle he muffed has at last been achieved by Hard Times. While the small town may have been considered "small potatoes," it is now "some pumpkins." This slow change in guise had its beginning probably when it was first admitted by the experts that we might be in the depression trenches longer than thirteen months; and in 1931 there was some minor evidence that the metropolis was gazing at the small town with slightly less prejudiced eyes. In 1932 there were a few manifestations of strong approval. But it was not until 1933 that the from-city-to-town movement gained sufficient impetus to make it noteworthy. It may yet become a migration of historic importance.

The scattered people who started this trek will never be known by name. Here and there, a doctor with an ancient car, a dentist with the instruments of his profession, a lawyer with his library —often the entire salvage from the wreck of a city practise—were to be seen hanging out fresh shingles in country towns. Other refugees from the city were middle-aged men and women with reduced incomes who sought a simpler scale of living in a new environment. Out-of-work sons and daughters began, one by one, to go back to the old folks at homes. Lonely oldsters seeking a friendly harbor, or perhaps to have a tended grave, fled from their uninterested city neighbors to the kindlier ones of some small community which they knew in bygone days.

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One old lady, who had been living on an annuity in a third-rate New York apartment hotel, states frankly that it was a mortician's circular, advising her to select a niche in his marble mausoleum where her ashes might be deposited after death, which provided the motive for her flight.

"That coldly impersonal suggestion as to the disposal of my remains inspired some tall and hasty thinking," the old lady said. "For two years I had done nothing more important than play an occasional game of bridge, or wrangle with the waiter because the roast beef was tough, or my tea cold. And quite suddenly the futility of this existence was made clear to me by the advertising of that undertaker. I decided to be buried where I could be decently mourned, and in a nice little cemetery with flags fluttering over the soldiers' graves and substantial tombstones topping family lots. But before that time came I determined to do a bit of real living."

She persuaded two other kinless old ladies to pool their resources with hers, and together they rented a comfortable roomy house in a small town. Pie-crust tables, walnut bureaus, curving sofas and imposing Grover Cleveland beds were taken out of storage to furnish this last home; and today these three undaunted old women are having a final happy fling at life.

What other extraordinary stories there may be in connection with individuals who are growing new roots in the small town can only be surmised. Statisticians are not concerned with the stories behind human beings, and it is their data which must have first consideration when this movement from cities to towns is being analyzed. Naturally their reports deal with labor, with interest for the moment on the decentralization of industry, which is shifting a considerable army from congested metropolitan centers to new or rehabilitated plants in small town communities. They also note that, with all these wage earners being added to the payrolls of small town factories in New England and the South, there has been a definite though not proportionate increase in town population.

Decentralization of industry is of course only in its initial stage. Henry Ford was the pioneer in this experiment, and now that other industrialists are trying it, and that the administration is fostering it, the movement will be speeded up. Complete reports as to the actual number of wage earners participating so far in this decentralization exodus are not available. But records in process of compilation show that thousands of men and women engaged in the manufacture of cosmetics, dyes, chemicals, rayon, shoes, furniture and women's wear are already established in small towns selected by industrialists for factory sites. Also that an appreciable number of lawyers, doctors and other professional folk have followed in the wake of these industrial workers, and are locating in the selfsame towns, where a growing population is creating a demand for their services.

This industrial movement which is already taking large numbers of people away from the cities is the authentic measure of a migratory trend toward the small town which will doubtless increase as decentralization is accelerated. But recruits from industry form only part of the small army headed in that direction. Members of a scattered coterie, ousted from cities everywhere by the depression, and not entirely motivated by a desire to increase their wages or improve their business opportunities are beginning to recognize the advantages of the small town, and to sing its praises. A goodly number of people, both in and out of the wage-earning ranks, have discovered the small town as a place where they can put a new theory into practise, develop an avocation, make financial ends meet without so much struggle, and use to advantage their newly acquired leisure. Often it is the man with the simplest desires who is frustrated in the city. And now when he is adjusting to a condition involving a surplus of spare time, the small town comes as an answer.

"I only wanted a little carpenter shop, with nothing more ambitious in mind than the building of an occasional bookcase," remarked a literary friend of the writer. "But in the city this meant constant argument with the apartment-house janitor, and complaints from fussy tenants in the adjoining cubicles. So I found me a small town where I could tinker to my heart's content."

Small towns in the United States are of three types: the one remote from large cities and metropolitan influences, and often surrounded by agricultural country; the other within commuting distance of a metropolis; and, third, the college town. And each of these present special and distinct advantages for the questing thousands now in search of a new environment in which to make their post-depression adjustments.

Dotting the farming country from coast to coast are hundreds of towns of the first type, which are a combination of rural and village territory under a local unit of government. Some states like Maine and California are composed largely of such little communities. To the man who has been completely uprooted by circumstances in the city, and who feels something of the pioneering spirit in his desire to begin life anew, this distant town offers the environment he is seeking. It also appeals to the retired business man, with neither the desire nor the capacity for farming, but who hankers for a back-yard garden. Statistical reports make no mention of any collective movement on the part of these people, but small towns here, there and everywhere are noting their arrival with satisfaction. And assimilation with the residents is immediate and complete on the part of these scattered individuals who

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have voluntarily chosen the small town for a fresh start in life. On the other hand, it is altogether possible that the new labor element, being injected into these same communities by the government and industry, may continue an extraneous interest of its own, and never become part of the texture of small town life.

Then there is the man rooted in the city by a job, who looks with favor on the small town which may be reached by a daily train ride of an hour or two. Without disturbing his business affiliations in the metropolis he can transfer his social and political activities to a nearby town. And in the smaller community he finds opportunities for development and self-expression denied him in the city. The changing times have made many people government conscious, and inspired them with a desire to improve their technique as citizens. To do this in a small town where every resident is an active participant in all its administrative affairs, is a much simpler feat than in a city with its complicated political machinery and involved campaign methods.

One convert to life in a commuter's small town places much emphasis on the advantages of membership in the Town Meeting as a perfect school for political education. He also commented on the satisfactory social relationships possible for his children in the smaller community.

"They now play in their own back yard," he said, "and have for their companions the sons and daughters of my own friends, instead of the offspring of casual strangers in the park."

The young business or professional man, with a growing family, who has been taking salary cuts, or receiving smaller and smaller fees, ever since the depression began, is finding special advantages in the college town within commuting distance of the city. Not so long out of the university as to have lost touch with campus life, he welcomes a return to its environment, and recognizes the cultural benefits of the academic atmosphere to himself and his wife. He usually finds a congenial little coterie already coalesced there on the basis of similar tastes, background and modest income. Social life is simple, and entertaining is informal. And to the young man who has been crippled by a dwindling salary or an intermittent job, the lower rent, or an opportunity to own a small home, is a great relief from the financial strain of life in the city.

"I also know more of what is going on in the world, since I came to this college town," remarked a young man in summarizing its merits. "Settled comfortably on the train for nearly two hours every day, I read my newspapers and magazines thoroughly, something I haven't done in years. And contact with the university keeps me, as well as my wife, posted on the new trends of thought, so we have something to talk about now besides the children's health and the maid's misdemeanors."

Others being exiled from city environments by the depression, and whose finances depend on investments rather than pay envelopes, are finding new homes in college towns remote from a metropolis. Families forced to live on reduced incomes, whose sons and daughters are ready to matriculate, are deciding to live near the campus, instead of sending their children away from home for their higher education. A recent survey of these remotely located colleges showd that while there was no appreciable falling off in attendance for the past year or so, their dormitories were practically empty. The steady trickling of families from the city into this type of town accounts largely for the increased number of undergraduates living at home instead of in dormitories, boarding-houses and fraternities. The proximity of the adjacent roof-tree is also changing the atmosphere of the campus, according to the opinion of a bursar of one of these small-town universities.

The great asset of all three types of "away from the city" communities is a neighborly cooperation in everything that affects the welfare of its residents. This interest in the common weal is called the small-town spirit. When the national motto, "E pluribus unum"—"One for all and all for one"—was adopted, this was the quality of democracy which prevailed everywhere in the country. Now "E pluribus unum" is the slogan of the small town alone, while the city has forgotten it.

An awakening to the advantages of life in the small town seems still to be confined to unrelated groups, but there is actually a stirring of the national consciousness to a realization that these little communities are the bone and sinew of our commonwealth. Also there is no doubt that an increasing number of city people have a better understanding of the significance of these small government units. It is not surprising then that men and women seeking an anchor to windward, after the storm and stress of depression, are heading for the small town. And the move in that direction will become more marked as soon as people are convinced that the index finger of Prosperity no longer points exclusively to cities.

## *A Star Falls*

What sun must warm the valleys all fulfilled,
What fire must light the mountains each brought low
That urgency from final dawn distilled
Should sweep such bloom through heaven to earth below—
That Love should be the fulcrum for this star
Swiftening its ardor down to lingering breath
Where long-affianced hands are reaching far
Beyond the burning candle blessing death.

SISTER THOMAS AQUINAS.

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# SOME RECENT BIOGRAPHIES

By JOSEPH J. REILLY

BIOGRAPHY, having gone gaily off on a holiday at the call of that brilliant piper, Lytton Strachey, seems to have recaptured some of her dignity and poise and "returned to her duty" a little gayer in apparel and less slow of gait than of old but otherwise not essentially changed by her adventure. Her offerings during 1933 were, all told, better than average. In one instance she produced a best seller; in another, a volume distinguished by that rarest of qualities, genius. With this exception it is not pretended that the biographies briefly treated in this article were the "best" of the year; simply that for one reason or another they were worth reading and remembering. And that in a day when "of the making of books there is no end," deserves to be noted.

The popular hit of the year was Stephan Zweig's "Marie Antoinette," a substantial and brilliant performance despite its shortcomings. Herr Zweig's instinct for a theme was perfect. The wilful Queen, the sluggish King, the volcanic social forces whose rumblings beneath the throne itself they mistook until red ruin engulfed them—here was tragedy ready for his hands and he missed none of its possibilities. He told a gripping tale with a vividness and a sense of drama which explain the enormous popularity of his book by revealing him as a master story-teller.

Herr Zweig, however, suffers from two fundamental weaknesses. First, like Lytton Strachey, he lacks that sense of the pitifulness of life which is always present in Carlyle and Belloc and invests their tragic figures with an emotional appeal not to be found in his despite their firm outlines and warm coloring. Secondly, his major interest is not in the characters but in the story, and his interpretation of the former is shaped to conform to what he considers the dramatic necessities of the latter. This weakness is strikingly illustrated by his treatment of an episode to which he characteristically devoted disproportionate attention—the relations between Count Fersen and the Queen. Although he is ignorant of the exact nature of those relations, he argues thus: "The Queen and her adorer deserved a happiness which, apart, they never found. What they deserved they attained." Before you have a chance to cry shame upon such logic Herr Zweig interposes: "If you object that to say this is to brand Queen and Count as adulterers you are a narrow, frigid, old-fashioned Puritan. . . ." When you regain your breath you hasten to modify your earlier conclusion: Herr Zweig is certainly a master of dramatic narrative; just as certainly he is an amateur logician and a sophomoric moralist.

Even more romantic than the story of Marie Antoinette is that of Mary Queen of Scots. Countless volumes have been written about her in which she had been adjudged a fiend by her detractors and a saint by her defenders. Contemporary interest in her has been strikingly revived: she is the heroine of a long poem by the present poet laureate; she is reincarnated on the stage in New York in a highly successful offering of the Theatre Guild; she is the subject of a new biography compact but brilliant by the Scotch writer, Eric Linklater. Fanaticism, falsehood and forgery did their worst for Mary living, and a tradition which for generations remained blind to psychological and historical probabilities did its worst for Mary dead. Mr. Linklater faces the two persistent ghosts, long regarded as damningly substantial, which have ever troubled Mary's stoutest defenders, her connection with the plot to murder Darnley and her relations with the Earl of Bothwell. In the light of common sense honestly interpreting the Queen's words at the Craigmillar conference the first ghost vanishes, and in the light of Mr. Linklater's interpretation of Mary's character and controlling interests the second ghost follows after.

Mr. Linklater is unique not in his conclusions regarding Mary's innocence (established with legal finality by Sir Edward Parry in 1931) but in his conviction that her cardinal concerns were her son and her throne and that passion, long pictured as meaning abnormally much to her, actually meant little. He puts his case well, treads his way through a maze of intricacies and contradictions, and reveals narrative skill of a high order.

> Heroic vitality and a spirit that would not be quenched is the source of Mary's tragedy and of her power to trouble the ages with thoughts of her that time has not stilled.

Of another woman, generous, lovely, ardent and virtuous, a queen too, though in a different domain, Hazlitt wrote:

> The enthusiasm Mrs. Siddons excited had something idolatrous about it; we can conceive nothing grander. She embodied to our imaginations the fables of mythology of the heroic and deified mortals of elder time. She was not less than a goddess or a prophetess inspired by the gods. Power was seated on her brow; passion radiated from her breast as from a shrine; she was Tragedy personified.

In Naomi Royde-Smith's "Portrait of Mrs. Siddons" we see at full length this greatest actress of all time who queened it unrivaled over the English stage from 1782 to 1812. Born

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Sarah Kemble into a family distinguished for beauty and stage talent, she married at eighteen, and through good and evil days proved herself a devoted wife and mother, and an unselfish friend. Once slander sought to defile her name, but her detractors' charges recoiled to their own undoing.

Though adored for her beauty and genius by the public, summoned to Buckingham House to give readings to the royal family, and invited to sit to the three greatest artists in England, Mrs. Siddons remained unspoiled. On the stage she subdued audiences until they wept and trembled at her will; after a night of triumph she asked nothing better than to steal home to the normal round of quiet hours. As the breadwinner of the family, she summoned up her superb energies and strong will and set out on harrowing tours through the provinces, sometimes unaware until an hour before the curtain rose what part she had been advertised to play. The loss of a hard-earned fortune through her husband's unwisdom, and the deaths of two beautiful daughters, though they wrung her heart, failed to impair her perfectly controlled forces of mind and body.

It was in her greatest rôle, that of Lady Macbeth, that Mrs. Siddons made her final appearance. After the great sleep-walking scene she came forward *in propria persona* and pronounced a farewell speech which moved the audience to such enthusiasm and grief that it refused to let the play go on once she had retired into the wings. Of her John Wilson wrote admiringly:

> In all stateliest shows of making woe she dwindled the stateliest into insignificance; her majesty made others mean; in her sunlike light all stars "paled their ineffectual fires."

Ranking high among the biographies of 1933 is "Charles I" by Hilaire Belloc, whose "Marie Antoinette" (*pace* Herr Zweig) is a classic. "Charles I" is a typical Bellocian biography, for its main thesis is definite, the complex issues involved are clarified, the leading figures are sharply etched, and the narrative is carried steadily forward to its climax. Belloc is never happier than when challenging accepted interpretations of men and events or opinions at whose roots he has found that kind of error which consists of an incomplete record of facts. For most historians "original documents" are invested with such sanctity that they decline either to temper or enrich them by tradition, and thus too often become the slaves of half-facts instead of the servants of truth. Not so Belloc. In the fields of history and biography he is the arch-iconoclast of our day who seeks to pull down Falsity from its niche and set up Verity in its place. He harbors a particular hatred of that brood of misconceptions hatched out to serve the needs of Reformation propaganda or its aftermath: the duplicity of the Jesuits, the bloodiness of Mary Tudor, the goodness of Elizabeth, the unalloyed patriotism of Hampden and Cromwell, the tyranny of Charles.

Against the glorification of Hampden and Cromwell and the traditional defamation of Charles, Belloc in his latest biography takes a typically aggressive stand. To him the issue between King and Parliament was sharply defined: monarchy came to grips with oligarchy, an oligarchy composed of those great landowners whose wealth grew out of the suppression of the monasteries. Belloc presents with clarity, vigor and convincingness a king more sensitive than shrewd, more sinned against than sinning, pitted in an evil hour against rapacity, resourcefulness and—in the event—superior military skill.

When Countess Alexandra Tolstoy wrote the story of her distinguished father, she called it "The Tragedy of Tolstoy" and named it well. For it is the record of painful dissensions in the family of the novelist-reformer whose will, suspected of leaving both his estates and his royalties to the poor, became the object of almost insane interest to his wife. Between that ill-assorted pair yawned a gulf which nothing could bridge. On every vital point they were apart: in religion she clung to the Russian Church while he drifted beyond the pale to excommunication; in property matters he cherished Utopian ideas which her practical mind derided; he had a sense of humor, she none; his was essentially a lonely spirit, she, in every instinct, was gregarious; he was egocentric, concerned only with maintaining the integrity of his soul, she was aflutter over worldly things and what the moralists call human respect.

Despite lighter moments in the family life, such as pranks played at the dinner table and sleigh rides with uproarious tumbles into the drifts, the atmosphere of the house was tense. What little peace Tolstoy's wife allowed him his celebrity destroyed, for he was beset by curiosity seekers, newspapermen, photographers and more or less sincere "Tolstoyans." During his last two years his wife's conduct made his life purgatorial. The strain told so heavily on him that at times he was attacked by fainting spells which brought him to death's door and temporarily destroyed his memory. Finally, on the morning of October 27, 1910, Tolstoy unable to endure more stole away in search of that peace without which life was impossible. A few days later he found it—in the arms of Death.

"The Tragedy of Tolstoy" is no merely ephemeral record but a vivid revelation of the duel which goes on endlessly between the practical and the ideal, the fact and the dream.

Marquis James, who won the Pulitzer Prize in 1930 for his "Raven," produced in "Andrew Jackson: the Border Captain" an equally distinguished biography. Whether he is describing frontier conditions, a horse race, a duel, a plan of

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battle, or a disagreement between gentlemen Mr. James never writes a dull page. His books, richly documented, combine the soundness of history with the fascination of fiction. Behind the dramatic narratives of Zweig and of Belloc you are aware of the adroit hand of the conscious artist in biography; Mr. James's skill appears to be the triumph of naturalness. That itself is refreshing and serves to explain in part at least why one reads his lengthy works without skipping a line or feeling a moment's weariness. He paints Jackson to the life, colorful and high-spirited, full of grit, gusto, passion and strange prejudices, in whom the indomitable spirit of the Southwest seemed incarnate. Whatever rôle he played—merchant, sportsman, lawyer, soldier or politician—his fiery temper got him into endless scrapes and his shrewdness and nerve got him out. Of his amazing vagaries none was more curiously individual than his adoration for his plump, dowdy wife Rachel, his "dearest heart," the "dear companion of his life" to whom he wrote love letters as oddly tender as Johnson's or Steele's. Mr. James's volume ends with Jackson's military career: it is unthinkable that the great days which followed, climaxed by Old Hickory's eight years as President, should go "unhonored and unsung" in an equally authoritative and fascinating sequel.

Although distinguished books are not uncommon, a biography marked by genius is more rare than a great poem or a great novel. Such a biography is "The Book of Talbot," Violet Clifton's story of her husband's adventurous life. On the surface it is the account of an English aristocrat, born in 1868, who in his teens became a world traveler and before his sixty dynamic years were done had visited the outposts of the world, the Barren Lands of Hudson Bay, Siberia, Tibet, Central Africa, the jungles of South America. An insatiable curiosity concerning primitive people spurred him on and magnificent energies controlled by a disciplined will sustained him. More than once he looked into the face of death, but "nearly a thousand years of privileged beings" had endowed him with cool fortitude and he never played false to his heritage. Action was not all his life: art, music and philosophy appealed to him strongly, and Shakespeare and his flute were the companions of all his travels. In South America he learned of the intelligence and beauty of Violet Beauclerk, sought her out, and met and loved her in a setting whose lyric splendor recalls the meeting of Lucy and Richard Feverel.

Violet, like Talbot Clifton, had a will of her own and after their marriage in England there were times when the sparks from their tempers, like flint on steel, threatened to burn the bonds that held them. Once in anger Violet went away from him for many days.

> When she returned, Talbot had moved into a small room at the other end of the house. Fixed in woe she slept on the floor outside his door. When the very number of her nights away from his house had passed, Talbot, touched, returned to her room.

"The Book of Talbot" moves forward to a tragic climax. In 1928 Violet and Talbot set out on what proved to be his last adventure. Their destination was Timbuktu, but at Teneriffe death halted them. The brief passionate chapters which tell how Talbot Clifton fought to live and, his superb body racked with anguish, endured his Calvary are beyond praise: to match them in contemporary literature as a revelation of tragedy and pathos you must go to "Kristin Lavransdatter."

This is a great book, an epic sung in praise of the disciplined will. It was awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize in England for the best biography of 1933. To read it is to see human nature invested with a new dignity, to fling the myth of our simian ancestry to the winds and dare to front the stars.

# RED, BLACK AND BROWN

By BRUNO ROSELLI

ONE HUNDRED years ago, in January, 1834, a wild-eyed deserter from the navy of His Sardinian Majesty landed in the hospitable harbor of Rio de Janeiro. His name was Giuseppe Garibaldi.

That was his real name, although during his sketchy previous career he had assumed the names of Cleonbroto and Pane. Still devoted to the revolutionary theories of Mazzini, he was disliked by the "conservative" element of that Italian revolutionary party which he was destined to lead to victory a few years afterward—presenting United Italy to the selfsame House of Savoy which had condemned him to death *in contumacia*. His is the one notable example in all history of a European who arrived in the New World as a rebel and returned to the old as a conformist; who crossed the Atlantic westward as an ardent republican and recrossed it eastward to win a powerful kingdom for an ancient European dynasty. Of such incongruities is Italian history made.

But from 1834 to 1842 he was Garibaldi the American rather than Garibaldi the Italian; a

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Brazilian Garibaldi, fighting for the seceding state of Rio Grande against the empire of Don Pedro; an Argentinian Garibaldi, rehearsing against the tyrant Rosas those military tactics which were to win him so many laurels in Italy; even a Uruguayan Garibaldi, during the tragic years when the power of Rosas's Uruguayan satellites spread to the very gates of besieged Montevideo. The sailor Garibaldi had forsaken, except for occasional intervals, the limitless horizons of the sea for the equally limitless horizons of the pampas. The *gauchos* were his pals; he learned to lassoo stray cattle and rambunctious horses. He also lasooed, in another sense, a strange specimen of wilderness womanhood—Anita, whom he met and won under most extraordinary circumstances, married a few years later, and loved all his life although the fair sex of two continents pursued him.

Now the *gauchos* do not habitually wear stiff-bosom evening shirts on their round-ups, while galloping over the pampas. Colored woollen shirts are the rule, and among those colors red is popular for a number of reasons: easy visibility in the stretch of monotonous plains; comparative harmlessness of the dye; a mysterious belief that it increases strength; and, last but not least, the fact that it conceals from sight the effects of heavy perspiration. Garibaldi, who throughout his life, even when attending Parliament, was to show his partiality for pampas attire, *poncho* and all, took enthusiastically to the red shirt, the blood-colored shirt, while leading into battle his South American volunteers, mostly Italians. In fact, he fought the Uruguayan campaign at the head of a strictly Italian unit, the Legione Italiana of Montevideo, which unfurled in the southern hemisphere, in the face of the enemy, that Italian tricolor still tabooed in the Fatherland. And the Italians were forever lovers of bright hues, of vivid uniforms.

Events in Europe recalled thither the Ligurian campaigner. His fame had preceded him: the battle of San Antonio was celebrated in prints which all over southern Europe occupied the place held in our own United States by "General Custer's Last Stand." Distance added flavor, heightened heroism, chimed in unison with the spirit of the Flaming Forties. But in Italy Garibaldi faced far more redoubtable foes. Short of money and guns, he had to be mentally resourceful: he gave his scant Legionaires a thrilling anthem—"Garibaldi's Hymn," by Mercantini—and flaming, loosely cut, blood-red shirts. It was mainly to these that he owed the incredible victories of 1860, when the "One Thousand" downed the military might of the Neapolitan Bourbons.

United Italy was made, but the red shirt tradition carried on. In 1870 Garibaldi's volunteers wrested from Prussia, on the heights by Dijon, the only flag taken by France from her enemies in the disastrous campaign which gave birth to the German Empire. And when he died, his sons and grandsons continued their spiritual dynasty. Red-shirted they fought for the liberty of Greece at Domokos. They rushed again to the aid of France in 1914, when Italy was still neutral, and left on the battlefield two grandsons of their founder—Bruno and Costante. The three remaining brothers were transferred to Italy's armies when she also declared war. It was under the oldest, also named Giuseppe but familiarly known as "Peppino" (another Spanish-American touch), that the present writer had the opportunity to earn his War Cross on the Dolomite front.

Italy had declared war on May 24, 1915. Protected by a mighty natural barrier, the Austrians retreated slowly, until on October 24, 1917, at Caporetto, they broke through. Italian historians are still debating whether the defeat was military or political. But what matters here is that Italian soldiers believed it was the latter: they had been badly led; their heroism was wasted by poor management. Boys of seventeen were rushed up to fill the gaps; old General Cadorna gave way to young General Diaz. Her army thus rejuvenated, Italy again took the offensive. Discipline had been the leitmotif of the old campaign; flamboyant personal heroism characterized the new. A truly Garibaldian spirit was at large. Storm troops, the Arditi del Piave, were organized. They died nonchalantly, provided they were allowed to die their own way; at heart they were rebels—glorious, ultra-patriotic rebels. Yes, they would wear the Italian uniform, but, knives in their mouths as they advanced, they wore under their grey coats the black shirts of the rebellion, with skull and crossbones embroidered by their sweethearts: Captain Kidd's attire, as it were. Poor, dear lads, many of whom had been playing "pirate" only a short while before.

The war ended. A few of those black-shirted boys returned home. To most Arditi that black shirt became in 1918 an intimate shroud: their expression of rebellious individualism and of personal allegiance to romance while the grey uniform outside concealed their longings, made them "uniform" even in death. The few survivors were naturally dissatisfied: they wanted more adventure and demanded a bigger Italy. D'Annunzio's flamboyant march on Fiume soon provided both. For over one year the poet-aviator-condottiere ran the restless city so appropriately patronized by Saint Vitus; and the black-shirted Arditi formed the backbone of his epic resistance to Interallied anathema. Finally on Christmas Day, 1920, the Italian regulars were able to cross what was jocosely referred to at Fiume as the "Italo-Italian boundary," and D'Annunzio's Arditi, or whatever there was left of them, had to trek back

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to their homes—once more an embittered, disillusioned lot.

They found Italy in a state of chaos. It was not Bolshevism, as has too often been said; it was anarchy. Someone must stop it; and *one* did—a living dynamo, a daredevil and a spellbinder. In the Piazza of Santo Sepolcro in Milan, Mussolini gathered his tiny band of Sansepolcristi: most of them veterans, and some former Arditi. Their policy was one of *combattimento,* and, being too few to form *associazioni,* they formed *fasci* (handfuls)—*Fasci di combattimento.* Each member of a *Fascio* was styled a *Fascista*: a term which in those days seemed stilted. Although inwardly well disciplined, toward weak-kneed official Italy the Fascisti assumed an attitude of open defiance. What more natural than that they should adopt the attire of rebellion, the black shirt of the Piave and of Fiume? No coat was to cover it this time as a compromise with army requirements. At last, the hundreds of boys who fell on Italy's battle-scarred squares to the swinging notes of "Giovinezza" need have only black shirts as shrouds around their Fatherland-loving hearts.

Fascism triumphed in Italy; and its dictatorship (which is only a part, but the most spectacular, of Italy's "New Deal") soon appeared to the groping and distracted masses of Europe as "a way out." Dictators sprang up in Spain, Turkey, Poland; but they kept their shirts on, figuratively speaking, for they were not carried on the crest of a popular wave of defiance.

Germany held aloof. She was trying to toe the mark to please her conquerors, who insisted that a lukewarm republic was the form of government to be crammed down Teutonic throats: something equidistant between the Scylla of bolshevist Germany and the Charybdis of imperialist Germany. For fifteen years she stood it, with varying degrees of contentment but without a flash of enthusiasm to revitalize crushed hearts and disillusioned minds.

Then came Hitler—miracle or monster, what matters for our purpose?—in any case, standard-bearer of a surging, explosive, rebounding German nationalism. He had studied contemporary Italy with immoderate thoroughness and with moderate profit. Mussolini having taken a leaf out of Garibaldi's book in stressing the rôle of an appropriate attire for an irregular body of hypnotized youths, camera-minded Germany might be expected to take a photostat of that leaf. Germany must join the "colored shirt club." This was not just a pose, it was good psychology; and of course it took an Austrian to import it into Berlin.

Hitler, who knows that Germany is helpless without Italian support, may have introduced the colored shirt idea to curry favor; but I doubt it. For a Teuton, he is a Southerner, and therefore understands the value of *imponderabilia* in rousing dormant hearts. The origin of Germany's brown shirt is not servile; it is subconsciously imitative, and decidedly imperial.

In fact, there are at least two non-Italian reasons why Germany should have swung to the well-known Nazi attire. One is the poverty of the country. A thick shirt, with any kind of old underwear below, is a far cheaper uniform than any military coat—which of course requires some kind of a shirt underneath! Another reason is to be found in the general "Allied" policy, which frowns upon any military display on the part of the German people. Helmets, gold braid, frogs and epaulettes would make the French chafe and growl; whereas, boys wearing brown shirts look so harmless, so collegiate!

But why should the Nazi shirt be brown? There were plenty of colors left. The Nazi "mustard" is the exact color of a German soldier of 1918 as he emerged from the trenches in eastern France; face and all, he looked that color from the round cranium of his helmet to his hobnails. Herr Hitler, who preaches a return to war-time mentality and the sinking into oblivion of the intervening fifteen years of German "dishonorable peace," in his choice of a new color for the attire of his cohorts must have thought of himself and his comrades as they emerged, silent, fever-eyed clods of soil from the mud of France—new zoological specimens endowed with mimicry by the instinct of self-preservation, communing with Mother Earth even before the final *in pulverem reverteris.*

Parallelism with Italy came later, as a process of rationalization. The unquestionable fact is that consciously or subconsciously, man will forever follow a color scheme, or underscore with color any real sentiment, longing or impulse. He will not so underscore a number—and this shows where quantitative civilizations are headed. Does the leading industry of Troy, New York, understand this slant of the shirt trade?

## *Clansman*

Reluctant, new, he watched the masters stroll
In academic gown across the green
Before the chapel—terror chilled his soul,
Awed by the medieval-monkish scene.
Some, solemn, silent, stalked with brow sedate,
Books under arm; some bustled briskly past,
Importance, so he thought, insatiate . . . .
The older, wrapped in meditation vast,
The younger, careless chatting, could not see
Such snub-nosed insignificance as he. . . .
But then—"A Hundred Pipers" whistled lilt—
Shrewd eyes—black robe wind-rippled like a kilt . . .
And over freckled features stole a grin—
Among the mighty, one, at least, was kin!

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

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# THE COLLEGE ART THEATRE

By W. F. CUNNINGHAM

DRAMATICS in college have a twofold objective. The first and most obvious is developing within students the ability to appear on the public stage. This involves training in effective speech as well as dramatic interpretation, and the general outcomes when achieved are poise and self-possession in appearances before an audience, in contrast with the embarrassment and self-consciousness characteristic of the untrained. The second objective is the development of a sense of taste for the best in drama. Due consideration to the very purpose of the college reveals this as the more important of the two objectives. The aim of the college, notably the liberal college, is not to give professional training to a few students, leading to a stage career; rather, it is to give cultural training to all students for the enrichment of life and the development of a sense of taste is an integral part of such training.

What is meant by a sense of taste? In the field of esthetics cultivating a sense of taste means developing the ability to perceive and to enjoy whatever is beautiful and true in the works of nature and of art, the perception of these qualities being accompanied by emotional pleasure. The meaning of this phrase is brought out, negatively, in the words of Ruskin with reference to what is beautiful and true in nature and art: "He who receives little pleasure from these sources lacks taste; he who receives esthetic pleasure from any other sources has false or bad taste."

But it is one thing to define taste and quite another to carry through successfully procedures which will develop a sense of taste in those who are without it. Of all types of teaching this is the most difficult. We know how to teach for knowledge in the field of the sciences. On the part of the student, knowledge comes as a result of careful observation and reflective thinking. We know how to teach for skill. On the part of the student, skill comes through practise, though it must be wisely directed practise distributed over definite periods of time. The teachers' part is to give this direction and demand this distribution of practise at regular intervals. This procedure is called discipline.

But who will tell us how to teach for the cultivation of taste? No direct instruction or disciplinary procedures can guarantee this outcome. Plato, in his "Republic," saw this problem when he put the question, "How can we bring it about that each succeeding generation of youth will have a love for the beautiful?" And it is a question whether we, with all our modern techniques in education, have made much advance over the method which he suggested so many hundreds of years ago, namely, this: surround youth with beautiful things. One learns to love the beautiful by living with it.

Nevertheless, this answer of Plato is most suggestive for planning procedures aimed at the cultivation of a taste for the best in drama. Those whose taste for the drama we would cultivate must have opportunity to see and enjoy the best in the world's dramatic literature presented in a manner truly artistic so that they will perceive the truth and beauty of these great masterpieces and, seeing, find pleasure therein.

The first necessity resting upon any college that accepts as its own this objective in the field of dramatics, is to recognize that the achievement of this aim necessarily involves a different approach from that adapted to the development of student talent in dramatics. The reason for this is quite clear when the actual situation is considered carefully. The college generation changes every four years. No sooner are college students trained in dramatics (as in other fields) than they leave through graduation. To attempt, therefore, to develop within the college community through student productions alone a taste for the best in the world's dramatic literature is worse than useless. A rendition of the great classic masterpieces of drama by immature students, masterpieces that make severe demands on the talents and capabilities of the professional actor, can have only one outcome—a travesty on art and an imposition on the truly intelligent. In the case of the public, if mediocre performances of amateurs are accepted as truly artistic the outcome is a dilettanteism as bad if not worse than ignorance.

Certain of the universities and colleges of the country with dramatic departments under intelligent leadership have definitely recognized that this problem of developing within a community an appreciation of, and a taste for, the best in drama is impossible of solution by productions limited to student casts. They met the problem by bringing in paid professional actors for the leading rôles in their productions supported by a student cast. Those who were privileged to witness the presentation of Euripides's great Greek tragedy, "Iphigenia among the Taurians," at Minnesota University three years ago, with Helen Freeman, Boyd Irwin and Harold Johnsrud of New York in the leading rôles, enjoyed an esthetic experience that will long remain in memory. Michigan University several years ago had equal success in the presentation of "Antigone," with Margaret

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Anglin in the leading rôle, supported by a student cast. The present state of college and university finances, however, renders this method prohibitive.

The College Art Theatre movement offers a practical solution. Under this name is assembled the finest possible cast from the community in which a university or college is located (including the instructors in the dramatic department itself) —a cast of professional experience if possible. If the productions of such a cast do not equal those of the professional stage of some years back, they will in any event far surpass anything that can be achieved with an all-student cast. It is hazardous for a college to attempt to present in an adequate way any of the great tragedies of Shakespeare. The comedies, yes. Many a high school, as well as college, has, for example, given a commendable presentation of "Twelfth Night." But the tragedies? That is an entirely different matter.

With the aid of the professionally trained, however (the instructors in dramatics themselves and actors retired from the professional stage), supported by a student cast in the lesser rôles, more ambitious projects can be attempted with every prospect of success. For several years the writer was dean at an institution which was among the first of the smaller colleges to take an active part in promoting the College Art Theatre movement. The organization at this college consisted of representatives of all departments that had definite contributions to make in the selection and presentation of the best in drama and music, the Departments of Language and Literature, Speech and Drama, Music, Religion, Education, and Applied Art. During the school year 1931-1932 the outstanding performance was "Faust" in commemoration of the Goethe centennial. In 1932-1933 "Hamlet" was presented by a cast composed of instructors in dramatics from a state university, a Catholic men's college and a Catholic women's college, of members of Little Theatre groups in the same community and a supporting cast of students from all three of the educational institutions concerned in the project. So successful was this production that, following the close of the school year, one of the theatres in the city engaged the entire cast for a week's run of nine performances. No conflict here between town and gown! The plans for this current school year call for the presentation of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People" and Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

After such an experience it is easily understood why the writer, now transferred to a men's large university, with a women's college practically on the same campus, and a civic community of 150,000 people with two active Little Theatre groups, is interested in bringing together these several units in a College Art Theatre. One of the difficulties always experienced in initiating a movement of this kind is to make clear to college administrative officers as well as student bodies, parents and the public, that the College Art Theatre is not in conflict with the purposes of Student Theatres by whatever names they may be called. Rather, the College Art Theatre is heartily behind any Student Theatre; it believes these activities should be encouraged and extended and it lends every assistance possible toward making student productions a success. But it must insist that its purpose is different from that of Student Theatres, hence the means it uses to achieve this purpose are different, namely, the production of the world's best dramatic literature by the best talent available in the community the college is endeavoring to serve.

With the decline of the legitimate stage following the advent of the "talkies," development of a taste for the best in drama depends upon the colleges and the universities of the country. They are numerous enough: over six hundred of them scattered throughout the forty-eight states. They have the nucleus of a professional staff already on salary, the instructors in the Departments of Dramatics. They have rent-free auditoriums so that their productions can be offered to the public at a price within the reach of all, without piling up a deficit. And they have prestige, so that available talent in their respective communities will be glad to participate in the productions they sponsor without remuneration.

Looking back over thirty years in college as student and as instructor, the writer is impressed with the great changes that have taken place during this period in the fields of music and the drama. During the first decade of this century the type of organization that traveled the country representing the outstanding colleges and universities of the period was the Mandolin Club and the Glee Club. Today, instead of the Mandolin Club we have the College Symphony orchestra, and Chamber Orchestras in the smaller colleges. Instead of the Glee Club we have Choral Clubs at almost every institution and at one, St. Olaf's College in Minnesota, a world-famous choir that has made two trips to Europe and built a home for itself. In dramatics the female rôles were taken by feminine-looking boys at the men's colleges, and the male rôles by the more masculine girls at the women's colleges. Now all this is changed—and for the better—as in music. Quite evidently there has been a steady leveling upward of the taste of the college community and the larger community which the college serves. Today with the College Art Theatre movement gaining momentum each year, there is every reason to look forward to renewed interest among college graduates in the productions of the legitimate stage and good grounds for hope that drama will continue to play its proper part in the cultural life of America.

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# MEDICINE IN CHINA

By LILY S. KRUG

IN PREHISTORIC times, the Chinese considered disease the work of devils.

Pains in the stomach were believed to be caused by the "House God." A devil who caused neuralgia used to throw a firestick against the poor patient; and headaches were produced by an offended goddess swinging a hammer. It was supposed that malaria was the work of three different kinds of demons. The first, it was accepted, emptied a bucket of cold water over the head of the poor sufferer, the second carried a big stove, heating him to fever-point, and a third swung a hammer causing the headache.

To get rid of these devils, witchcraft was resorted to. Often it took a long time, but at last it succeeded, and the patient recovered—or died.

Later on, a new philosophy developed. Shing Kung, a mythologic creature with the head of an ox and the body of a human being, was supposed to have experimented with herbs which often brought relief. It is said that he tried hundreds of poisonous and other plants daily, and that these experiments were successful in bringing good luck to the patients. The Chinese are trying to use these herbs again today, and their experiments are often followed by success.

At the same time Kuang-ti developed his theory about the pulse. He believed that every disease of the body as well as of the soul could be recognized by the beat of the pulse, and could be cured by regulating it.

The symbols for the word "doctor" are interesting. There were three: a priest, a quiver and a spear.

The Chow dynasty marked a period of great progress in art, science and the social order. But in matters of theory, people were victims of many absurd ideas. During the last years of this period the philosophy of the "two principals" developed, namely, "Yang" and "Yin," representing the male and female elements, heaven and earth, life and death, heat and cold, positive and negative. Every disease had supposedly two causes: Yang was responsible for exterior and Yin for interior diseases.

Later on, western ideas reached China and swept away the half-fabulous theories and methods which had so long prevailed. But the healing herbs, such as sea plants and alrunas (the root with odd faces looking like dwarfs), and many others, still continue in use. To western people a Chinese pharmacy is like some fantastic scene from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Dried snakes, turtles, lizards, horns of animals, powdered and in their natural state, teas of all sorts of leaves and barks, are shown in the window. All are believed to have healing properties. Snake-wine, too, they maintain, is an excellent body-builder, helping even old men to regain their strength and building up children's bodies. The horns of the animals are their weapons; therefore, in them is concentrated strength, and those who partake of the salts they contain thereby gain new vigor. When the horns are reduced to powder, they are mixed with tea leaves or wine, which cures many ailments.

In the years 960-1644 a serious attempt was made to eradicate superstition and to establish real medical schools. Medical students had to pass through examinations before they could start on their own. These schools produced several famous physicians, some of whose methods still live among the Chinese of today. They helped to crush superstition and witchcraft, but they did not succeed in doing away with it entirely. Death in China is still often caused by silly superstitions and lack of therapeutic knowledge. This of course is true chiefly of the interior of the country, rather than of the great cities near its borders.

The number of Chinese medical students increases yearly, and there are many who finish their studies in America or Europe. But frequently these students do not entirely forsake the ancient methods of Chinese medicine. Their diagnosis in certain diseases is based upon the appearance of color symptoms. For instance, the yellow discoloration in the corners of the patient's eyes is considered indicative of a good healing tendency. However, changes occurring in the skin, flesh, tendons and bones have likewise to be considered.

The toxicology of food is extensive. The Chinese say that it is not advisable to eat liver in the spring, heart in the summer, lungs in the autumn, kidneys in the winter; nor should one eat spleen in the last four months of the year.

There are also many rules and directions for the use of fruits and vegetables. It is believed that fruits growing on the trees must not be eaten raw because they might cause boils. Human beings must not eat ripe fruit that has fallen on the ground and remained over night, as worms and insects may have gnawed them and possibly poisoned them. Furthermore, eating of too many plums is not good for the teeth. Walnuts are considered to have an exciting effect and the consumption of too many apples is supposed not to be good for the "hundred veins." A pregnant woman must not eat pears because they constipate. As to onions and garlic, of which great quantities are eaten in China, so many different specifications exist that it is impossible to enumerate them. And there are hundreds of other food-rules which a Chinese doctor has to know.

So great is the lack of cleanliness and hygiene in the Celestial Empire, that it may be the reason of the widespread worm-disease from which about 70 percent of the Chinese suffer, and of such epidemics as cholera, typhoid fever and meningitis. The Chinese would do well to realize that therapy is based upon absolute cleanliness.

I consider the food of the Chinese as among the most tasteful of all nations but it is often disgusting to watch their preparation of a meal. The traveling-kitchens in the streets are anything but clean or appetizing. It is there the flies seem to hibernate. And all the rules and directions of toxicology are of no avail without some consideration of cleanliness and hygiene.

In China of today western medicaments have found a market, but these do not eliminate the old medicaments

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and herbs. The Chinese understand how to make use of the valuable cures nature provides. And in the interior of the country nature is their university. Of the efficacy of these natural remedies there are numerous instances. A friend of mine fell ill in Shanghai, being troubled with some kidney disease. After trying all patent medicines without success and having been treated by several American and European physicians without results, after a fortnight a cure was brought about by treatment with a native tea administered by an old Chinese peasant. Another friend of mine fell seriously ill with an ulcer in the stomach, and consequently was unable to eat anything. Our doctors who were attending the patient refused to operate on account of weakness. The patient becoming worse he eventually agreed that a Chinese medical man from the interior of the country be consulted. A fast of two days was prescribed, and then a bitter tea was administered, after which the patient vomited blood; this seemed to show that the ulcer had burst upon drinking this particular kind of tea; and the man's life was saved without having to resort to a dangerous operation.

The patent medicines which are on the market today may be good to a certain extent, but I believe that suffering humanity can be greatly helped if we study and collect the native herbs in China, Mexico, Africa and elsewhere and find their healing qualities.

# THE CHURCH OF THE CODEX

By DONALD ATTWATER

A FEW weeks after the uncovering of its ancient frescoes had brought the Church of the Holy Wisdom at Constantinople into the news, general attention was called to another eastern sanctuary, the Church of Sinai, by the purchase of the "Codex Sinaiticus" from the Soviet government by the British Museum.

Probably relatively few people in the West have any very clear idea of what, or even where exactly, the Church of Sinai is. From the fact that a very famous manuscripts was found there and that a monastery is mentioned in connection therewith, it is doubtless assumed to be, like the Holy Wisdom, a single church building. So it is, but it is more; for it is also an independent, self-governing Christian body, like the Church of Greece or the Church of England: it is one of the numerous autonomies that together form the collective Orthodox Eastern Church, and is, I suppose, the smallest separate Church in the world.

Sinai is the name given to the southern part of that wild and barren peninsula which lies between the Gulfs of Suez and Akaba. At an early date it became a refuge for Christian hermits, and a monastery was established at the foot of Jebel Musa, "the hill of Moses," the traditional Mount Sinai whereon God delivered his Law to the children of Israel. This monastery of "the God-trodden Mountain" became one of the greatest pilgrim shrines of the East. It was endowed and fortified against desert raiders in 530 by the Emperor Justinian (two years before he began to build the Holy Wisdom at Constantinople), and a hundred years later its abbot was Saint John Climacus, who is mentioned in the Roman Martyrology on March 30.

Since the ninth century this monastery has been known as St. Catherine's, named after Saint Catherine of Alexandria, who was for centuries one of the most popular of all the virgin martyrs. Though she certainly was an historical person, her legends as they have come down to us are worthless, in particular that part of them which says that after her martyrdom early in the fourth century her body was carried by angels to the monastery at Sinai; the itineraries of early pilgrims make no reference at all to this story, and how Saint Catherine's alleged relics come to be at the monastery which bears her name is not known.

At the Moslem invasion during the seventh century the monastery of Sinai was spared, though a mosque was built in a corner of it, and it continued to flourish. By the tenth century its abbot had become a bishop, with jurisdiction over the devastated and now extinct dioceses of Pharan and Raithu, and his little church was naturally involved in the schism of the Byzantine churches from Rome. Gradually it became independent of its mother church at Jerusalem, and in 1575 and again in 1782 the Archbishop of Sinai was solemnly recognized as head of an autonomous church, though he still has to apply to the Patriarch of Jerusalem for consecration (after he has been elected by the council of the monks).

At one time this monastic church was very wealthy, having estates so far afield as Russia and the Balkans. From most of these it has been forcibly expropriated, and the monks are now very poor indeed. Among the few properties retained is an establishment (called a *metokhion*) at Cairo, where the Archbishop-abbots of Sinai formerly spent most of their time, practical authority being almost entirely in the hands of the council of monks. Since 1928 the archbishop has resided in his monastery again. Here he is the ecclesiastical superior of some twenty-seven monks, who with about fifty Arabs of the neighborhood and a few monks at Cairo form the whole of the Church of Sinai—less than one hundred souls.

The monastery of St. Catherine, once the home of four hundred monks at a time, is now a pathetic relic of past greatness and a treasure-house of material antiquities. The walls of its church date from Justinian's days (though its roof is now of corrugated iron), and they shelter many most superb icons and other accessories of divine worship. The library where Tischendorf found and collected the leaves of "Codex Sinaiticus" in 1844, 1853, 1859, 1867, still contains many manuscripts in Greek, Arabic, Syriac and other languages, including the "Codex Aureus," erroneously said to have been given to the monks by the Emperor Theodosius. In the not remote past these treasures were most carelessly conserved and treated by their custodians: they know better now, but the manuscripts are still housed in a way that would whiten the hair of a librarian in the West.

Numerous and admirable pictures of the monastery and its surroundings were printed in the *National Geographic Magazine* of December, 1927.

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# SEVEN DAYS' SURVEY

*The Church.*—During the Holy Year just ended (its spiritual benefits have now been extended to the whole world until the Sunday after Easter, 1935), Catholics throughout the world offered over 43,000,000 week-day Masses for the intentions of the Holy Father. The United States contributed over 17,000,000 of these Masses; the laity of Mexico gave over 17,000 full Mass stipends, the greatest number of any country in the world. * * * Two Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel of Mangalore were awarded the first two places in the degree examinations for the Licentiate of Pedagogy at the University of Madras, India; third place went to a Syrian Catholic from Trivandrum. * * * The Vatican was recently informed that the President of Bolivia has conferred upon His Excellency, the Most Reverened Luigi Centoz, Apostolic Nuncio to Bolivia, the Grand Cross of the Condor of the Andes in recognition of his efforts to bring about an exchange of wounded and sick prisoners between Bolivia and Paraguay. * * * Owing to a growing demand for study abroad and the success of a similar arrangement at Fribourg, Switzerland, and another study group at Paris, the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus have recently announced facilities for Rosemont College students who wish to spend their junior year studying in Rome. * * * The 1934 "Annuario of the Chinese Catholic Missions" reports that there are 2,623,560 Catholics in China. Of the 3,986 priests 1,608 are native Chinese; there are in addition 3,419 native Chinese religious. Last year's 69,547 conversions is the largest number on record. * * * Pope Pius XI has given his special approval and blessing to the first Marian Congress in the United States, to be held from August 12-15 at Portland, Oregon. This congress in honor of the Blessed Mother is to be celebrated in connection with the seventh centenary of the Servite Order. * * * One of the best-known of Catholic benevolent organizations, the Ladies of Charity, New York, will give a benefit on board the S. S. Pennsylvania on the night of May 3.

*The Nation.*—With daylight-saving, so called, getting a large part of the nation out of bed an hour earlier, things in general were apparently looking brighter. While several experienced Washington correspondents declared that business was improving to such a degree that the President and the majority in Congress had decided to slacken the efforts of the government to aid, and therefore in a measure to control, the country's commerce, the President in an impromptu speech at an exhibit of the accomplishments in subsistence homesteading made it quite plain that he intended to push forward experiments in government-aided rehabilitation of the "stranded underprivileged." "Those who speak of revolution are wrong," he said. "What they should do is to drop the first letter of the word. We are going through evolution, and not revolution." * * * Hard on Japan's announcement of her new policy in Asia, the United States fleet rushed through the Panama Canal, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. War conditions were simulated with infantry and machine gunners stationed at the locks and along the canal, and bombing and pursuit planes flying overhead. The 111 vessels passed through in slightly less than forty-seven hours. Tokyo papers were caustic because the feat had not been accomplished in twenty-four hours. * * * Meanwhile John Dillinger and his band of outlaws, at this writing, continued to evade over 5,000 police officers in five states, after the killing of two people in the murderer and bandit's latest sensational escape from the law. * * * Le Baron Russell Briggs, former dean of Harvard University and president of Radcliffe College, died at the age of seventy-nine last week. He was remembered by Harvard and Radcliffe students as one of the gentlest and kindliest men they were ever to meet and he was well known in academic circles not only for his scholarly work but also for his pioneering for the de-emphasizing of intercollegiate sport and the building up of sport facilities and interests for the entire student body. * * * Secretary of the Navy Swanson refused for the Navy Building in Washington a C.W.A. painting of tipsy and promiscuously amorous sailors, saying, "It's right artistic but not true of the navy." The usual furore by self-styled liberals followed, while soberer commentators averred the painting was in no sense a fair characterization for an official building.

*The Wide World.*—Uchiro Yokoyama, Japenese consul-general at Geneva, told newspapermen that his country had declared a policy of "Asia for Asiatics." Professing readiness to "consult" with signatories to the nine-power pact if need arose, he said that Tokyo henceforth would "cooperate" with China, India, the Philippines, Siam, Dutch East Indies and possibly Russia. International action in China would, he assented, henceforth be subject to Japanese veto. Therewith events in the Pacific area moved one step nearer to a showdown. * * * Signor Mussolini, commemorating the 2,687th anniversary of the founding of Rome, asserted that a good time was coming for all Italians, once the hardships of the present had been surmounted. He predicted that "the Italian people will enter ultimately into the life of the nation and the life of the state until they take their destiny back into their own hands." * * * Serious rioting in Spain grew out of clashes between extreme Socialists and Catholic agrarians. Madrid witnessed a twenty-four-hour general strike, called to protest a meeting of Catholics under the leadership of Gil Robles. There were casualties in the capital city and various other towns. * * * Addressing members of the United Ireland party, General Eoin O'Duffy pledged himself to "strive for the extension of the Irish Free State." He admitted, however, that the outlook for a movement to drive the

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British out of northern Ireland was not so good. * * * No settlement of Latin-American wars appears to be in sight. Some progress has been made in promoting a modicum of amity between Peru and Colombia, but the Bolivian government, ordering students abroad to return not later than the middle of July, appears to be anticipating a long argument with the Paraguayans.

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*New Deal Orthodoxy.*—Speaking to an audience of editors in Washington, Professor Rexford G. Tugwell commented sardonically on the "labels" which have been applied to the "Rooseveltian method." He found some persons "infuriated" because they could find no name for what is going on, and accordingly desirous of having the government admit that it was out for "Socialism or Fascism or Communism—or something." Sympathizing as a professor with this "highly academic" impulse, he said: "Certainly if we are to accommodate our institutions to the flexible requirements of a world economy, large-scale industry and the rapid development of science, we cannot expect to do it by filling in the outlines of some rigid doctrinal system invented before these new forces appeared." In his opinion the New Deal is experimental approach to problems in which American democracy is vitally interested. Among these is the task of keeping good Americans from starvation. Mr. Walter Lippmann, however (New York *Herald Tribune,* April 24), found Professor Tugwell's remarks "not particularly illuminating." In his opinion the issue is "the unmistakable danger that some parts of the New Deal are in destructive conflict with other parts." Some of the Roosevelt enactments seem to him inflationary while others are deflationary. This conflict of purposes is responsible, he holds, for the failure of remedial action to produce impressively satisfactory results. Finally, following an extempore speech by the President on the topic of "evolution" contra "revolution," Professor Tugwell was promoted, becoming Under-Secretary of Agriculture instead of Assistant Secretary.

*Political Science.*—Tammany Hall, the Manhattan club of the regular Democratic party of the County of New York, on April 20, for the first time in history deposed its own leader, John F. Curry. The executive committee of the club, made up of district leaders of the party, which had voted him into power in 1929 by a majority of 12 1/2 to 10 1/3, ousted him with a vote of 14 1/3 to 10 1/6. His great political mistakes were said to lie in continually supporting Jimmy Walker and then John P. O'Brien for mayor, and in opposing McKee for mayor and then Roosevelt for President and Lehman for governor. In opposing Roosevelt and Lehman he antagonized the national organization under Postmaster-General Farley and the powerful Bronx group led by Edward J. Flynn. His ally, John H. McCooey of Brooklyn, died several months ago, thus removing Mr. Curry's last outside support. Like all other members of the executive committee of Tammany, Curry was a Democratic district leader, but the centralism of Tammany gave him almost complete control over the apportionment among all the districts of jobs, political or otherwise, that the party could control in Manhattan. Failure to deliver votes to successful candidates and jobs to district organizations not only called up opposition within the party but also reduced the strength of the party itself. The committee is now trying to decide upon a steering committee of from three to seven members to govern the organization without drastically altering Tammany's make-up, but independent Democrats of the Recovery party demand changes in districts as well as at headquarters which will harmonize all their city forces.

*Leader Mosley's Fascists.*—On April 22 English Fascists entered the field of giant propaganda and confidently dared to display their strength, great or small. They held a meeting in Albert Hall, London's largest auditorium, and filled all 10,000 seats with paying enthusiasts. The rally was dramatized in impressive Fascist style and sustained by the leader, Sir Oswald Mosley, who spoke one and a half hours without notes and then answered questions for another hour. He said his movement would precipitate no violence in coming to power, "because Fascism is coming to this country before we reach a state of chaos." The black-shirts, he claimed, held absolute allegiance to the crown. Further: "In this country there will be no racial or religious discrimination, because that would be anti-British. But . . . ." He continued in a way to give small pleasure to Jews or anyone with a hint of "internationalism" attached to their reputation. Jews are excluded from the party because, Mosley claims, "they are as a class hostile to us." He found the League of Nations altogether inadequate but said he would mend it in machinery and men. International finance, "its head office in Wall Street, with a sub-office in the city of London," was violently condemned. The government is to be "put back of trade and industry" and absolute economic nationalism to be the rule. He gave a plan simply to cut off the importation of £145,000,000 worth of manufactured commodities and £200,000,000 of foodstuffs, and supposedly thus stimulate British economic life by so much.

*What Clergymen Think.*—Dr. Kirby Page has issued a brochure entitled "20,870 Clergymen on War and Economic Injustice." It is a digest and summary of responses to a questionnaire submitted to 100,000 ministers and rabbis. Drawing conclusions is therefore somewhat difficult. Perhaps the vocal one-fifth are representative; perhaps they are not. At any rate the garnered evidence makes interesting reading. The group has obviously done a good bit of thinking about war and peace. Nearly four-fifths oppose military training in colleges, but the vote on the question whether a "defensive" war is ethically valid was about even. A majority favored a somewhat equivocal statement concerning opposition to all future wars. The Methodist Episcopal group furnishes the largest number of pacifists, only one out of seven demurring. The rabbis, too, are on the whole opposed to war, but one out of five refused to be uncom-

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promisingly pacifist. Lutherans seem to be the most patriotic of the groups registered, with Protestant Episcopalians next. Thinking about economic problems by churchmen seems far more cloudy and inchoate. Socialism as defined was favored by 5,789, those most strongly endorsing it being (in order) rabbis, Unitarian clergymen, seminary students of various denominations and Methodist Episcopalians. A sprinkling of Congregational, Methodist, Baptist and other clergymen sponsored Communism. Historians will note that only four rabbis voted for this ideology! The supporters of Fascism were recruited chiefly among seminary students, Protestant Episcopalians and Lutherans. "Rugged individualism" got relatively little support, vast majorities favoring drastic income and inheritance taxes, unemployment insurance, national unions and "cooperation" in general.

*Prix de Rome.*—The very desirable Prix de Rome in Architecture this year again went to a graduate of the architectural school of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C. The winner is Robert A. Weppner, jr., of Lakewood, Ohio. After graduating from the Catholic University school, he was for some years an instructor in architecture there. At various times and in the offices of several architects, he has been employed on plans for the remodeling of the State, War and Navy Building and additions to the National Museum in Washington and the Catholic Cathedral in Baltimore. Building being at such a low ebb in recent years, the demands for his profession had so decreased that more recently he had been a P.W.A. worker designing for the needs of army posts. The Prix de Rome will give him $1,450 a year for two years, with free residence and studio at the American Academy in Rome and an allowance for transportation to Europe and back. In 1932 George H. Nelson, of the Catholic University architectural school, won the award. Other awards won by the students and the school include the Fontainebleau Scholarship three years in succession, the Henry Adams Prize for Romanesque Archeology, the Paris Prize, the Warren Prize, the Emerson Prize in Decorative Composition, the medal of the Association of Graduates of L'École des Beaux-Arts given to the school of highest standing in the country, the Esquisse Medal and the Illuminating Engineering Society Prize twice.

*Latest Catholic Statistics.*—"Official Catholic Directory" figures for 1934 summarize certain effects of the reigning business and financial slump. Thus some colleges, 16 churches, 33 parochial schools, an orphanage and a home for the aged were abandoned. On the other hand there was an increase in the number of hospitals and of high schools, 62 of the last named having recently begun to flourish. In so far as general population statistics are concerned (as is well known, these are most difficult to get and least reliable), the total number of Catholics in the United States is given as being 20,322,594—a gain of 54,191. Conversions are listed as having been 49,181. If both estimates are correct, the natural increase for the year has been only 5,100, which would seem to indicate something wrong somewhere. Death took an unusually heavy toll among priests during the past year. The "Directory" lists 164 fewer than were named in 1933. Seminaries likewise report a somewhat smaller enrolment, obviously the consequence of financial difficulties. On the other hand, the number of pupils in parochial schools and high schools has continued to grow. The "Directory" is published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York.

*Birth Control Bill Approved.*—By a vote of 3 to 14, the Senate Judiciary Committee last week favorably reported the bill introduced by Senator Hastings favoring birth control. The bill amends Sections 211, 245 and 312 of the criminal code so that prohibitory sections of the law would not apply to the dissemination of "any book, information, article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine or thing" adapted or intended for the prevention of conception, by any legally licensed physician, or by his direction or prescription, by any legally chartered medical college, by any druggist in filling a prescription, or by any hospital or clinic, in any state, territory, or the District of Columbia. Senators Ashurst, McCarran and Stephens, Democrats, were the only ones to vote against the favorable report made by the full committee, numbering ten Democrats and seven Republicans. Hearings on the bill were held two months ago before a subcommittee of which Senator Logan was chairman. Two similar bills, one introduced by Senator Gillett in 1930, and the other by Senator Hatfield in 1932, were voted down in committee. In the House, the Ways and Means Committee reported adversely on a similar bill introduced by Representative Hancock in 1932 on the ground that the bill should have been referred to the Judiciary Committee. In January of this year, a hearing was held before the House Judiciary Committee which has not yet reported on the measure to the House.

*A New Tourist Mecca.*—When on April 24 the good ship Ilsenstein docked at Weehawken, New Jersey, with 122 "depressed dollar" excursionists, the tide of transatlantic travel had begun to turn. It is said that at one time Europeans constituted only 7 percent of Atlantic passengers; they comprise about 42 percent today. Between now and the end of August 30,000 Europeans are expected to take advantage of the cheap dollar and visit our shores. This group on the Ilsenstein have "come to see America for $144," a sum which includes the round-trip passage, five days in a New York hotel and a number of sightseeing trips. The foreigners' money would have procured them only $85 worth of American goods and services a year ago. After being whisked through the Holland Tunnel to their New York hotel in a fleet of buses that met the ship, the tourists started to explore New York from the depths of the subway to the tower of the Empire State Building, from the Aquarium to the George Washington Bridge; they also visited shops and theatres. Many of them seemed impressed with the pace of the great metropolis.

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*The Business Trend.*—Retail sales in the past week, as this was written, have been better than they have been at this time for three years and trade reviews report increasing activity in wholesale business, with the heavy industries also improving. Steel was being produced at 50.3 percent of capacity, compared to 47.4 percent for the preceding week. Electric power production also had advanced and was 16.5 percent greater than a year ago. Freight loadings were up 3.7 percent from the preceding week and were 17 percent above last year's level. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company reported a gain of 108,000 installations in the past quarter, compared with the preceding quarter. The net income of Cities Service Company, one of the large public utility combines, was $2,808,699 in the past quarter, compared with $631,017 for the same period a year ago. General Foods Corporation reported a net of $3,679,650 after expenses, federal taxes and other charges had been made, for the quarter ending March 31, as compared with a net of $3,238,168 in the first quarter of 1933. Curtis Publishing Company, for the same quarter, this year reported a net, after federal taxes, depreciation and other charges, of $1,449,425, as compared to $957,440 last year. Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company reported a net loss for the quarter of $1,423,648, compared with $3,473,370 loss last year. The Federal Reserve announced in its monthly bulletin issued April 24, that the member banks had $3,400,000,000 reserves, a figure $1,500,000,000 beyond legal requirements and the highest on record. At the same time the Bank of Montreal reported for Canada: "Evidence of the revival of trade is afforded by increasing car loadings, bank clearings and foreign trade, greater industrial activity, less unemployment and brisker retail trade. The heavy industries are beginning to share in the better state of business."

*Employment Grows.*—Secretary Perkins has made public some very encouraging figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics. During the month of March about 419,000 workers were returned to private industrial employment and weekly payrolls were increased by $12,904,000 over February. Of these 255,000 were employed by the ninety manufacturing industries, 163,000 by the non-manufacturing industries which reported. This means that since March, 1933, about 2,750,000 workers have returned to private industry. Taking the average for the full year 1926 as 100, the general index of manufacturing employment has risen from 55.1 in March, 1933, to 76.4 in March, 1934. Payrolls have risen in the same period from 33.4 to 59.4. The average pay check of the industrial worker was more than one-fourth larger than that which he received in March, 1933. The largest gains for the month were registered in the fertilizer, canning, locomotive and automobile industries respectively. Although the industries covered by the Bureau of Labor Statistics normally employ only 20,000,000 of the 49,000,000 gainful workers of the nation, the proportion is large enough to indicate a general employment trend. The employment index has reached the highest point recorded since December, 1930, while payrolls are higher than they have been since August, 1931. The March increase of 6.4 in factory payrolls has not been bettered since 1920.

*Stores of Gold.*—Reports issued last week indicate that no nation in the world is completely off the gold standard and that every nation still wants all it can get. During the first quarter of the year Soviet Russia increased its gold mining 67 percent over its ordinary average of $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 a year. They also have plans for the largest mine and mill in the world at Berezivsk in the Ural Mountains. The Bank of France increased its gold holdings for the sixth consecutive week and its store is now 74,987,000,000 francs. The Bank of England showed a total holding of £192,076,154 as compared with £184,834,947 a year ago and £121,429,616 in 1932. On April 21 the gold export point was reached in America for the first time since official devaluation, but no bullion was sent abroad. It is believed that the decline was a test made by bankers to see if the Treasury would allow export, or would simply let the dollar decline further. Secretary Morgenthau said licenses would be issued on request, but none was finally demanded. In a gold system, when, because of a decline in the dollar valuation abroad, it is profitable to export the metal rather than buy foreign currencies to pay off international balances, banks are accustomed to ship gold. The gold balance in the national treasury increased during the week ending April 20: $1,250,357.94 from imports; $1,704,901.95 from purchases of newly mined metal; and $1,389,327.61 from purchases of secondary gold. This last is a phenomenon of the $35 price paid by the government. In the numerous stores licensed to buy gold Americans have recently been selling more of it in ornaments, cutlery and other private forms, than all the mining companies have been able to produce.

*Wage Struggles.*—President Roosevelt suffered a defeat on April 21 when he failed to persuade railroad workers to accept his wage settlement in their industry. His proposal called for the companies to continue the present 10 percent reduction in basic wages until January, 1935, while the unions demand a raise of 5 percent on July 1, and another in January. A. F. Whitney, head of the railway union organization, said there are about 1,000,000 unemployed former railroad employees, and 150,000 receiving from $5 to $7 a week. In 1929 38 percent of railway workers owned or were successfully paying on their homes, but since then 66 percent have lost their equities. He objects to the constant service on bonds when the industry is in deep depression. The employers made an offer April 24 to raise wages 2½ percent July 1, and 7½ percent next March. A final agreement or a strike is expected soon. The automobile industry was likewise still unsettled. There were on strike 7,000 Fisher Body workers in Detroit, and 3,100 in St. Louis; 1,900 men in Toledo and about 6,000 in Cleveland. The United Automobile Workers Federal Union of the A. F. of L. demands recognition and a 30 percent wage increase.

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# THE SCREEN AND CONCERT

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

## *Tarzan, Tomfoolery and Magic*

I AM VERY much afraid that some of the remarks I should like to make on the new Tarzan film will give some of the readers of this department the wholly false assumption that I am enthusiastic about Hollywood's latest trick sheet. The bitter truth is that the Tarzan story, as served up on the screen, is just so much unmitigated hokum. It is perhaps more important that part of this hokum is a pretty cheap variety—for hokum, in and of itself, has a large and wholesome place on the screen, on the stage, and in books.

Unfortunately, there are enough of us still alive who were bred on Kipling's "Jungle Book" to realize that literary hokum at its best is hardly distinguishable from any other branch of creative fiction. It makes no difference whether or not Mowgli ever lived, nor for that matter whether Romulus and Remus ever founded Rome on the strength of a wolfish bringing up. The whole point is that the stories make good reading and create the illusion of being real. One can hardly say as much for Tarzan. The whole story of his upbringing by the apes, and of his eventual finding of a white mate in an African exploring party is completely incredible.

Hollywood makes the story all the more incredible by giving us the portrait of Tarzan in the form of the acrobatic Johnny Weissmuller, who, for some reason known only to Hollywood, is as innocent of a beard as if the jungle provided a luxurious terminal barber shop for his daily shave. His hair cut, too, would do credit, as to length and trim, to the artistic inclinations of a moving-picture orchestra leader. Hence even at thrilling moments of the picture I found myself divided between speculations on jungle barber shops and mental queries as to whether an ape diet would produce in a human being the exquisite beardlessness that is Tarzan's. Even some varieties of apes have beards, not to mention their overall tendency toward hairy beauty. Without being able to settle this important problem, I again found myself wondering whether the story of Tarzan and his mate would be quite so productive of box-office shekels if this young hero of the jungle were to be pictured kissing his jungle bride through a matted growth of beaver.

Parts of this latest Tarzan creation show us the attempts to lure Tarzan's jungle bride back to civilization by supplying her with some of the latest Parisian clothes. Here again, my thoughts were sadly divided between the story and certain absurd speculations as to whether her feet, hardened by flying jumps from branch to branch, would still be able to fit into the tiny shoes designed for the less acrobatic ladies on Paris boulevards. The answer, of course, proved to be obvious; the shoes were a perfect fit!

After thus paying my respects to Hollywood ineptitude, perhaps I may be permitted with safety to dwell on a few of the features of this film which really stirred my enthusiasm. I refer of course to the ability of the camera to make everything appear possible—everything, that is, of a magical nature. In this respect, the Tarzan film stirred my respect and excitement in exactly the same way as the feats of an expert parlor magician. If I knew more of the tricks of photography, and could tell you just how they were accomplished, I would probably enjoy these feats of optical magic much less. I am perfectly aware of the fact that you can throw a dummy figure off the cliff and make it look like a man falling hundreds of feet. But I am still in the dark as to how you could photograph a man fighting a death struggle with a tiger or battling a crocodile under water. I know there is a trick to it, and an admirable trick, but I am wholly ignorant as to how the trick is done, and that ignorance provides the fascination. Dozens of astonishing things happen in the course of the Tarzan film, and it is only my firm conviction that Mr. Weissmuller is not seeking an early grave that convinces me of the unreality of the whole thing. Now, it is just that sort of a mood which the movies have a right to create, and should create. If they make you believe that Tarzan can shoo away dozens of angry tigers, ride a rhinocerous bareback and kill him, wrestle with crocodiles and tigers, make a whole herd of elephants obey his spoken command, and direct the destinies of an entire colony of apes, then you must simply admit that the movies have a great deal of the power of the magician and you should respect them for that power. What I object to is the mixing of this perfectly legitimate line of hokum with the most absurd and idiotic details of poor story-telling and feeble imagination. Perhaps next to its moments of magic, the one chief redeeming feature of the Tarzan picture is the simple assertion of a mating instinct so directly contrary to nine-tenths of the Hollywood stories. It would never occur to Hollywood that any interesting story might be made about the romance of a husband and wife in some civilized country. It takes all the fantasy of a jungle tale to make the overlords of filmdom realize that the story of a man and his mate can provide just as good entertainment for the palpitating hearts of movie-goers as the search of some reformed gangster for a bride whom he will divorce in Reno a year later.

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## *Pius X Choir*

THE CHOIR of the Pius X School of Pontifical Music made another public appearance on April 11 when it sang with the Schola Cantorum in Carnegie Hall Perotin's magnificent "Sederunt Principes" which made such a profound impression when sung two years ago, also in conjunction with the Schola. This work sung for the first time in Notre Dame in 1098 is almost incredibly modern, and if it had not been composed nearly a thousand years ago, a critic might very well have written that it showed the influence of Moussorgsky! The Choir once more distinguished itself by its superb singing. Other numbers on the program were Bach's Cantata, "Erschallet, ihr Lieder," No. 172 with Friedrich Schorr as soloist, Brahm's "Gersang der Parzen," and Ernest Bloch's "Avodath Hadodesh."

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# COMMUNICATIONS

## SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY

Greenwich, Conn.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL of February 16 was published a communication from the Reverend Gregory R. Rybrook, O. Praem., which ended with the following query: "What can be done to open the minds of American non-Catholic philosophers to the most living, the most rational, the only practical of all systems of philosophy?" As this is a question to which I have given considerable thought, may I be permitted to suggest a partial answer?

There are two main obstacles to be overcome. First, there is in non-Catholic philosophers a deep-rooted belief that Thomistic philosophy is so constructed as to involve, in its own metaphysics, a religious point of view, so that it appears not as a purely human product of reason but as a special philosophy for those of Catholic faith. Secondly, non-Catholics suspect that Catholic philosophers, despite their protestations, are not motivated by purely philosophical aims in their efforts to promote the study and appreciation of scholasticism. These are obstacles which can to some degree be overcome by the proponents of scholasticism; there are of course other obstacles, such as the anti-intellectualist tendencies of modern philosophies in general, and the tendency of so many modern philosophers to choose between philosophies by the standard of taste and subjective appeal, which are hard to overcome.

Few neo-scholastic writers on Thomism seem able to resist the temptation of calling attention to the harmony that prevails between the truths of Revelation and the doctrines of Thomistic philosophy. Yet nothing is better calculated to arouse the suspicions of the non-Catholic philosopher. To allay such suspicions, Catholic writers on philosophy would do well to avoid the translation of Aristotelian ideas into Christian terminology, and they would gain much by calling their philosophy Aristotelianism rather then Thomism, in this practise following the example of Saint Thomas himself. Aristotelian philosophy, even in its Thomist interpretation, is a good philosophy not only for Christians, but for Arabs, Jews and pagans. If this fact were stressed, and if more use were made of the great commentaries on Aristotle of Avicenna and Averroes, non-Catholics might be convinced that the neo-scholastics have a philosophy that is not merely an extension of their theology, but something that belongs to rational man as such.

Catholics can do much toward overcoming the second obstacle. Let every Catholic who writes a book on philosophy ask himself this question: "Am I writing this book out of pure interest in philosophy, or am I motivated by the hope that through scholastic philosophy people may become interested in the Catholic faith?" If the latter motivation is present, it will inevitably reveal itself in the work or between the lines, and the non-Catholic will immediately be suspicious. Indeed, he will not take the book seriously as philosophy, but will read it as a work of apologetics. And in a certain sense, not to be overlooked, he will be correct; for a book written with an apologetic motivation is a work of apologetics. By labeling it philosophy, the writer does double damage, for not only is its philosophical content rejected on account of its apologetic character or spirit, but the good faith of the writer, and with him of Catholic philosophers in general, is questioned—for it will appear to be a case of putting false labels on one's products.

It is my belief that the interest of non-Catholics in scholasticism would be greatly increased if Catholic philosophers should stage a few spectacular disagreements among themselves. It is hard not to be sceptical of the purity of philosophic interest of a group of men who band themselves together under the name of a religious faith, with a Catholic Philosophical Association of their own, and who expound their philosophy like a creed, with the unanimity of a perfectly drilled choir. Such was never the case in the great ages of philosophy; it was not so when Plato and Aristotle lived and disagreed, nor was it the case when Saint Thomas risked many a charge of heresy in his defense of Aristotle against the Augustinians. But Thomism, as it is cultivated today by American neo-scholastics, sounds for all the world like a catechism or creed, and not very much like a living philosophy.

Everyone loves a good clean fight, and nothing would help more to convince outsiders that Catholics can be real philosophers, than the spectacle of a battle of philosophers within the fold of the Church. But unfortunately Catholics do not seem to appreciate the vast amount of room for philosophic diversity which their faith allows them, though surely any study of the "Quaestiones Disputatae" of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ought to make them realize that the great age of Christian philosophies was also the greatest battle-field of philosophies. It is inconceivable, to a student of medieval philosophy, that any large group of men interested in philosophy for its own sake, should all find the Aristotelian, or the Thomist, statement the most convincing, when in every other age of healthy philosophic activity, including the thirteenth century, at least half of the good philosophic minds found in the Platonic and Augustinian approach the principles and materials for very great philosophic constructions. Catholic Christianity is not so narrow that it cannot harbor, without contradiction, alternative statements of philosophic truth. Why cannot modern Catholics, in their philosophical work, catch the spirit of the thirteenth century, and sling syllogisms at each other with the freedom and gusto which made thirteenth-century Paris the major battle-field of Europe? Philosophy flourishes on argument and by the conflict of principles and methods; but, quite frankly, the books on philosophy by American neo-scholastics give the impression, almost without exception, of being the work of men whose interest in philosophy is primarily apologetic. The lack of serious disagreement among Catholics on philosophical questions seems to imply that the rigid adherence to Thomism on their part is grounded in the desire to present a united front for the defense of the Faith against the "philosophies of the Gentiles." But this is apologetics; and it is not, properly speaking, philosophy.

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No fair-minded person can object to the efforts of Catholics to defend the Faith and to win converts to it, as long as it is done in the name of the Faith. But if Catholics wish to be respected by outsiders as real philosophers, they will not get very far either by defending a philosophy in the name of the Faith, or by defending or promoting their faith in the name of philosophy. If we wish to be heard as philosophers and not as apologists, we must be sure that we speak as philosophers and not as apologists. Yet how many books on philosophy by American neo-scholastics give the impression of being entirely free from an apologetic or a proselytic spirit or motivation?

ERNEST A. MOODY.

Paris, France.

TO the Editor: In your correspondence column of February 16, Father Rybrook presented a question, to which Dr. James J. Walsh offered a reply in the issue of March 9. Both question and answer, under one form or another, have interested me during several years, so that I cannot resist offering you my views on the matter.

The question, "What can be done to open the minds of American non-Catholic philosophers to scholastic philosophy?" presupposes the more fundamental problem: Why is scholasticism ignored today outside of limited Catholic circles? It seems to me, the answer to this question would open the way for a solution to the former.

I suggest two reasons as the source of this ignorance. The first is the fact that scholasticism is linked with Catholicism. In rejecting Catholicism as a dogma, non-Catholic philosophers conclude they have rejected or must reject scholasticism. That there is a solidarity fusing the two isms cannot be denied. On the other hand, neither can it be denied that scholasticism is a function in its own right, responsible only to the norms of evidence and the dogmas of reason. But the very evident aureole of religion that crowns the thought of the Schools is an ornament that arouses religious projudices and forms a perpetual source of antipathy and, hence, of ignorance that cannot be avoided. But the second source of ignorance is well within our power to dam.

Father Rybrook calls scholasticism "the most living of all systems of philosophy." Can that be truthfully said of scholastic thought in America? By living thought I mean a philosophy which displays the normal signs of growth: organic development by intussusception of new truth and rejection of outmoded, superannuated material —whether that material be subject-matter or form of expression.

Is scholastic philosophy in America a thought with a foreward motion, a thought in labor, in travail, in inquietude, straining forward to an achievement. I venture to say it is not. The contention that scholasticism is truth and that truth is repose and quietude is a bit naive. Truth is infinite. It is pregnant with the plentitude of *Esse* and when that limitless limit is attained, then only may thought take its rest.

Scholasticism is not alive in America, because its exponents with very rare exceptions have confined their


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# NEXT WEEK

**THE NATIONAL EMERGENCY COUNCIL, by Oliver McKee, jr., describes a numerically small government agency, little publicized, rarely finding place in the daily newspaper headlines, which nevertheless is wielding a vast influence in shaping New Deal policies. It is said to be the clearing-house for long-range federal planning projects, and to be chiefly responsible for the coordinating of the numerous recovery efforts of the federal government and of the relations of the federal government with state governments. "No group in the federal government," writes Mr. McKee, "has as broad a perspective of American life and its problems in 1934 as the National Emergency Council." . . . GOODBYE TO LIBERTY, by George N. Shuster, analyzes some of the significant trends, such as Fascism and Socialism, with an eye as to which among the current popular systems of social structure permit the individual, in fact, the greatest amount of personal liberty; and it offers for consideration some estimates of mutually exclusive liberties, of some that have to be abandoned in order to obtain others . . . PROPAGANDA AND THE CATHOLIC WRITER, by Robert McDonough, accepts the challenge of those largely communistic critics who assert that all art should be propaganda for the improvement of social conditions and considers the opportunities of the Catholic writer in our times . . . GREEK MEETS GREEK, by Michael Earls, which takes a case in point to show how charity in controversy has the last word, and which we had planned to print in the present issue, has been postponed to our next.**

productive efforts to "notes" and manuals; because they have failed to rethink their metaphysics in terms of modern problems; because they have persisted in lamentable ignorance of the thought of their fellow non-Catholic philosophers. The great figures in the history of scholastic thought believed it worth their while to have a thorough, first-hand knowledge of non-Catholic authors. Saint Thomas quotes some forty-six in his "Summa" alone. Such was his care to have the exact thought of an author that he requested his brother in religion, W. de Moerbeka, to retranslate for him certain parts of Aristotle.

Modern scholastics in America have lost in great measure this love of accuracy, this comprehensive knowledge of both sides of the question. If we would "open the minds of American non-Catholic philosophers" to our system of thought, common courtesy—if not a passionate desire for the whole truth—demands that we have an open mind for the "classic" thought that many of them are sincerly trying to develop. Rather than assume the falsely superior attitude of shaming "them into realizing that they do not know" this, that or the other thing, let us begin by realizing to our own shame that scholasticism in America is very far from being "the most living etc. . . . philosophy"; that one of the reasons for this lack of life is that it has lost contact with the serious aspects of modern thought. If we would have our neighbors know us, let us begin by knowing them.

REV. HUNTER GUTHRIE, S.J.

## THE CHURCH SCHOOL AND THE STATE

Salina, Kans.

TO the Editor: Apropos of the Ohio affair, the treatment of Catholic schools in this country suggests a cute parable.

Two men went up to a restaurant to eat. The one was Jones, the other Murphy. They looked over the menu. It did not so much as mention fish. Murphy wanted fish. So he excused himself and down he went to a restaurant where fish was served.

"All right," said Jones, "much as I dislike fish you may have it, Murphy—this is a free country you know—but you'll have to pay for your fish of course, and then it will be necessary for you to come back and pay for part of my dinner too."

All of which has been happening for a long time. But Murphy's pockets being now empty, he is at last beginning to suggest timidly that, well, maybe Jones would consider paying for his own expensive eats; that the Murphys in the United States be accorded the same treatment in this matter as the Murphys receive from the Joneses in England, and the Joneses receive from the Murphys in Ireland.

In England Catholic schools are given state aid, in Ireland Protestant schools are supported by the state. But when in Ohio recently a little of a new double school tax was asked for the Catholic schools of that state, the Joneses almost got heart failure and gasped: "Preposterous my dear Murphy, preposterous!"

REV. M. MORAN.

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# BOOKS

## A Hybrid

*Gates of Hell, by Erik R. v. Kuhnelt-Leddihn; translated by I. J. Collins. New York: Sheed and Ward.* $2.50.

IT IS remarkable that a single book can have so much awareness of Catholicism, and yet so much paralyzing Philistinism as the novel, "Gates of Hell." At one place or another the author explicitly points out and condemns almost every fault or inadequacy the book at other places displays. The blurb writer says accurately: "It is a thriller and a romantic one, it is a mixture of the crude and the sublime, of excitement and argument; it is a flaring manifesto and undisguisedly propagandist." It is all this, and unfortunately much more and worse. It has liveliness, admirable emotions and thoughts, an eager recognition of major actual problems, and faith; but it also has a deep and vitiating disorder, irresponsible mouthings, and lurid and scandalizing distortions.

The first trouble is in primary artistic decision. The author does not seem to decide whether the book shall be naturalistic in the current epic-drama "interesting" fashion, or non-photographic and more formal and intellectually realistic, or a pattern of selected three-dimensional "full" parts on a flat two-dimensional background. The book seems to demand one of the latter treatments, but the author insists on contorting it toward the first, evidently fearing he might seem too far from "life." The confusion of the book most sucessfully implies a wide outlook, but the artistry as well as attitude fail properly to dominate the confusion.

The theme is Catholicism versus heresies, and particularly Catholicism against materialism, for the most part embodied in Communism. A young German is a spy for the Jesuits in the U.S.S.R. He is evidently supposed to instil Catholic questionings into Bolshevisks and prepare for a great conversion to a new Catholic culture which will use organically the Christian truths which Communism emphasizes. Besides doing this, the hero has time for a tour around the more western parts of Europe and England and for love and regular work in Berlin. This character, Eugen Düring, shows with enormous energy that an active Catholic has greater romantic appeal than a Chicago gangster, a secret revolutionist, a disillusioned libertine, a white-coated scientist, or anyone else one can think of. This is perhaps his main duty, and he successfully accomplishes it.

The main difficulties a reader finds to worry about are two. At the end of the book the Jesuit, Father Scapinelli, recognizes that the type of essentially upper-class work he had been performing in the salons of Berlin is no longer very important *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. The lessons derived throughout the work from the proletarian movement make the dominating individuals of the bourgeoisie with their inherently liberal tendencies seem unimportant for the future and present. Yet the great part of the book presents its problems from a strictly upper-class point of view. Secondly, the massive structure of Communism is approached with too little respect, or


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even truthfulness. Although the author at times tells of his admiration for the good in Marxism, and points out its didactic force, and recognizes its brute importance in the world, he yet, generally speaking, takes too much the attitude of a Nazi toward Jews or a Klansman toward Catholics. There is an obscurantism in his attitude, and a mystic hate. Parts of the book are practically delirious. The whole thing is, especially for a novel, rabidly polemic. But one is inclined to hope ardently that this particular point of view, especially in regard to Marxism, is strictly limited in the world, and particularly in the Church.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

## Economics Plainly Stated

*The New Capitalism, by James D. Mooney. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $3.50.

MR. MOONEY, the well-known industrialist who endeared himself to economists in 1929 by his sharp criticism of the high tariff policies of the Hoover régime, presents a readable program. It may be summarized as follows: purchasing power is not created by arbitrary rises in price; the thirty-hour week would reduce purchasing power (money wages unchanged, but cost of living raised); economists, industrialists and marketers would greatly improve the halting economic mechanism by closer contact with one another; restriction of farm production and government loans to farmers will not produce rural prosperity; foreign markets must be pried open—more exports and imports will increase employment and raise the standard of living; high taxes reduce the purchasing power of the working class.

Aside from a few lapses from the rigid terminology of the economist, only one criticism seems warranted: the present-day level of taxation does not reduce the standard of living of the workingman, unless he owns his own home in a city governed by an extravagant and corrupt ring. The purchasing power taken from him by the tax collector is used to promote his well-being, and to provide facilities for his use—roads and schools, for example. It is a commonplace in public finance that high per capita taxation, coupled with the generous provision of facilities by the government, is a mark of economic progress. Mr. Mooney would probably refuse, as would his staff, to vote for the removal of the automobile plants, with which he is connected, to Brazil or Mexico, although per capita taxation is very low there.

The author has used two methods of presentation which are a real contribution to the writing of economic texts: lavish use of relevant photographs, and the water tank diagram. The latter is a short-cut way of demonstrating the reaction of concomitant variables on one another; for example, how an increase in the amount of wearing affects the demand for shoes.

The first chapter contains only three printed words: "The Scene Challenges."

Perhaps "The New Capitalism" points the way toward a text in economic principles that even the sophomore will find readable.

GEORGE K. MCCABE.

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## Commentary from Canada

*Sunday Gospels for the Layman, by Rev. L. J. Kreciszewski. Winnipeg, Canada: T. J. Tonkin Company.*

IN THIS neatly printed, paper-covered volume are recorded the Gospels read on Sundays throughout the year, with a clarification of each text, brief but sufficient to solve ordinary liguistic and synoptic difficulties. References have been gleaned from Vigoroux, Fouard, Camerlynck, Memain and others. Also the author's thoughtful journeys through the Holy Land enable him to reconstruct settings, and to definitize what might otherwise remain generic. Equally observing were his eyes when they fell upon the recently discovered Slavonic version of the works of Josephus, or when they penetrated the ultra-critical work of Robert Eisler as being "comparable to sketching a drama with devils playing the rôles of saints, and saints underwriting the seven deadly sins." Father Kreciszewski is an alumnus of the Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome who is now the shepherd of souls in the village of Selkirk.

The charming literary form of this new exegetist refutes the common fallacy that accuracy and artistry are incompatible. The general current of argumentation in the book is toward establishing the Divinity of Christ. The closing soliloquy, "Shepherds Speak to the World," is naive, historically compact, and deep in the implied advocacy of the good-will which the angels extolled.

In view of the frequent use which both priests and people may make of this commentary, it is hoped that the next printing will provide an index and a permanent binding. All who appreciate its convenient form and intrinsic worth will look to the same author for a companion-text on "Sunday Epistles for the Layman."

EDWARD M. BETOWSKI.

## Friendship

*In Sight of Eden, by Roger Vercel; translated by Alvah C. Bessie, and illustrated by Rockwell Kent. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.* $2.50.

"IN SIGHT OF EDEN" is a completely new kind of novel and is both interesting and charmingly written. It received the America-France award last year. The fine illustrations by Rockwell Kent add to the beauty of the book as presented by Harcourt, Brace.

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It is the kind of book that leaves no bad tastes in the mental or moral palate and is well worth the time spent in its reading. It is a good book for men, an adventure story that carries a thrill, and is a satisfactory link in our Catholic demand for decent literature.

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# Briefer Mention

*Creevey's Life and Times; edited by John Gore. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.* $5.00.

THREE decades ago, Sir Herbert Maxwell resurrected the jovial person of Thomas Creevey from oblivion. A master Whig politician of the days of Foxe and Sheridan who lost none of his verve until the time of his death in 1838, Creevey was both a great "mixer" and a remarkable letter writer. He knew everybody and was proficient in the art of talking about them without malice, or at least without bias. Mr. Gore has extracted still another volume of letters and comments. His own editorial remarks, sprinkled generously throughout, are more interesting and entertaining than the correspondence itself. The book has valuable illustrations. Perhaps the most unusual thing about the present volume is the abundance of its references to the Irish, whom Creevey liked and admired when they were not political foes.

*The Shorter Poems of Robert Browning; edited by William Clyde De Vane. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company.* $1.75.

MR. DE VANE, whose scholarly "Browning's Parleyings" will be remembered by the initiate, has edited a selection of Browning lyrics for college use. The choosing is intelligent, such things as the little-known "Sonnet" of 1834 and songs from "Paracelsus" affording opportunity to follow the poet's development. The typographical arrangement, while fairly good, is sometimes open to cavil. For instance, the final two lines of "Marching Along" require turning of the page. Mr. De Vane's introduction is excellent, but for the sake of avoiding bad example he should rewrite a number of sentences; e. g., "To the general reader the stretch of these years seems like a moor, brightened here and there by an eagle's feather," etc., which shows that the author has seen few eagles, or else has knowledge of bright-colored species unknown to us. The notes are serviceable and accurate. On the whole, this is a first-rate college book.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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